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ON THE WING.

Maximilian

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ON THE WING.

BY

MAXIMILIAN,

LATE

EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

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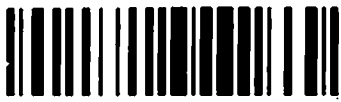
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INTRODUCTION.

THESE pages, which should properly have appeared under the title 'From my Life,' amongst the journals already published of the immortal Emperor Maximilian, are given through a peculiar chain of circumstances, at the conclusion of them, and under a separate title.

This volume, when first published, was intended only for private circulation, especially as presents to the imperial Austrian Court, and the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian's relations. The following diary of the Archduke-Emperor's first

journey in Greece (the Prince was then about eighteen years old) was, originally, not considered important enough by the author, in his modesty, to be worthy of publication. Now, however, after the misfortunes of the Emperor Maximilian, we believe we can offer no more grateful gift to the numerous admirers of his character and of his talents, than the pages of his first work, which make known the warm enthusiasm of the imperial youth for all that is good and beautiful.

The journey to Greece took place in the student-days of the young prince. It was a vacation trip, that had been arranged for him as well as for his younger brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, by his imperial parents. The fellow-travellers were the Archduke Max, the Archduke Charles, the Prince Jablonowsky (since then dead, in the bloom of his youth), the Count Coudenhove (now colonel in the army), the Baron Koller, the Recorder Kaltenbeck (known as the editor of learned papers, since also dead), the Professor Geiger (a

talented and highly-esteemed painter), and Doctor Fritsch (imperial body-physician of his Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had lent him to his brothers).

The steamship 'Vulcan,' which carried the Princes, was commanded by the present Vice-Admiral and Commandant of the marine, at that time Captain Julius Vissiak, whilst Dr. Ilek (now naval surgeon, and former medical adviser of the unhappy Empress Charlotte until her departure from Miramar) was placed as the ship's doctor upon the corvette. The journey was to serve no intellectual purpose, but was solely an excursion of pleasure. The Archduke Max, as well as his brother, who was just entering into adolescence, did not yet belong to the "service." The former of these soon entered the navy, and was obliged to keep guard on board ship during the Italian journey in the year 1851.

There exists at Miramar a pretty picture by Professor Geiger, which depicts the presentation to the Pasha of Smyrna, and in which the two

Archdukes appear in white uniforms. The passion of Prince Max for the sea and the South presents itself forcibly in the foreground of the following pages. This passion never left him. The cabin was his favourite retreat. He caused his own chamber in Miramar to be made almost like one. The waves of the sea, which surrounded the castle, completed the delusion. It is a large square room, scarcely more than nine feet high, and one of the most cheerful and interesting in the castle. Except the empty spot upon the writing-table, which the Archduke-Emperor could not do without, there was scarcely a free place to be found. He was, as this diary proves, a diligent and painstaking collector. The tables, the drawers, and the closets in his room were all covered or filled with curiosities, and the productions of all countries and seas; meanwhile, the most comfortable furniture was not wanting. After dinner the Archduke was wont to come here with his gentlemen to smoke a cigar, whilst his august

consort, separated only by a few rooms, remained amidst her ladies; and he went backwards and forwards, enlivening them equally with his brief and merry remarks.

It must here be stated, in order to give a slight biographical sketch of the immortal author, that Ferdinand Maximilian was born on the 6th of June, 1832, so that when he died, on the 19th of June, 1867, he had just completed his thirty-fifth year. He was always called in his family by his second name, which he also exclusively bore as Emperor of Mexico. He was so weak and ugly a child, so quiet and reserved in manner, that only his mother's eyes could see his awakening spirit in his lively glances.

Two traits of his earliest childhood are here related, although these pages can only give but the barest outline of his life. When Max had just learnt to speak he was shown a dwarf, who had retained the childish figure, but whose face

was that of an old man. The little fellow, though only two years old, ran to his nurse in the adjoining room, exclaiming, "There stands an old child!" This was one of the earliest glimpses of his intelligence. His affections were more expressively shown when the time came for the young Archduke to be placed under a tutor; his little heart was filled with sorrow at the separation from his nurse, Fraulein von Sturmfeder. The Fraulein loved his handsomer and more lively brother Francis, who was two years his senior, far better than himself, the pale, thin, reserved boy. When, however, she was leaving, Max threw his arms round her neck, and cried out, sobbing, "I love you so much, so much, as much as you love Frank!"

As the Archduke grew up he won the love and esteem of all those who surrounded him by the freshness and warmth of his disposition, as well as by his lively wit. He was one of nature's guileless true sons. He never wished

to be more than he was. Less Prince than man, he yet prized his high station greatly, recognizing, however, the duties it entailed upon him; innumerable passages in his writings prove this. Those who surrounded him did not know how to praise sufficiently his courtesy and his high-mindedness, and there was but one voice regarding his perseverance in learning and circumspection in undertaking his allotted tasks.

Soon after his return from Greece, Ferdinand Maxmilian entered the navy. He belonged to it until he left his castle of Miramar for ever. He first proved his efficiency as Commander-in-Chief at the far-famed siege of Lissa. After a manœuvre which was performed by the fleet of his Majesty Francis Joseph, the Emperor named his eminent brother Governor-General of Lombardy and Venetia.

At this period, 1856, took place his betrothal with the much-respected Princess Charlotte of

Belgium. In the year 1857 he settled with his young wife at Milan, where they led a happy life in the rose-adorned gardens of Monza. Events which shook the world called him two years afterwards from this post.

What he suffered during this time is only to be expressed in his own words. He had in his library a slate headed with the inscription "Memento Verona!" It continued: "This memento I read when I feel unhappy, for more wretched than I was then I can never be."

What took place later belongs to history. What he must have suffered, far from all who were dear to him, is unspeakable. His wife, the heroic companion of his overwhelming sorrows, during the time of his government he believed to be dead.

We may hope that his spirit in the hour of death was comforted by a kind of vision, for when they were about to bind his eyes he cried, "No! no! for then I could not see my

mother." With his look fixed heavenwards, he awaited the fatal shot. Upon him we may quote his own words :—

He lived in order to die,
He died in order to live.

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ON THE WING.

CHAPTER I.

TRIESTE.

Trieste, 2nd September, 1856.

THE most beautiful view of Trieste is incontestably seen from the obelisk of Optschina. The traveller drives for hours through the stony wastes of the Karstes, on which a heavy curse seems to rest; the rocks form grey figures, which, to the fancy, appear the ruins of houses and villages; dry bushes stretch out their arms, and no sign of life rejoices the traveller's eye. An atmosphere of doubt and mystery

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is spread over the Karstes, until at length, after a long journey, the tired wanderer is enlivened by the sight of the obelisk, standing there like a type of hope. Though it is still the valley of sorrow, above all is noble, bright, and living; the postilion is hurried on with impatience, the last brief ascent to the obelisk is quickly accomplished, and now the picture of the infinite lies stretched before the feet of the enchanted wayfarer, whose delight is the greater from the contrast it forms to the dead sea of stones beneath them.

Beyond shines the living sea, where the shimmering sails gleam like swans on the water, and the fruitful terrace-formed shores, studded with beautiful villas, surround it in a semicircle. Last of all, the busy town is seen with its roads spreading out like a map, and a second floating town, formed by ships, gay with life and motion.

The view of Optschina is certainly one of the most beautiful in the world. An excellent road, with a very slight zigzag, leads down the mountain;

between vineyards and country houses you catch sight of, with ever increasing exhilaration, glimpses of the beautiful sea,—a foretaste of the South. You feel it is Italy! The town itself is new, and bears the stamp of a commercial city. The buildings are large, massive, and cleanly, but the architecture is poor. The streets are of a tedious uniformity, and so like one another as to be uninteresting.

From an historical point of view it offers little remarkable; only in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, which is built on high ground, are to be found a few Roman and old Christian antiquities, but they are of not much importance.

Naturally, every stranger in Trieste seeks to live on the quay, therefore we went to the Hôtel National, which looks upon the sea, and is one of the best houses of entertainment I know. As we had visited Trieste before, we did not weary ourselves with the so-called curiosities, but were fain to study life during our short stay, and found much to interest us. After an excellent luncheon of fresh sea-

fish, we were conducted to a richly-stocked Chinese warehouse, from the stores of which the ship 'Wellington' was to be laden.

On board this vessel there were many Chinese and Indian sailors; it was to leave the port the following day and return to London; we embarked in a boat and went on board to see them.

After we had made ourselves understood as well as we could, by the English sailors, we climbed a small narrow rope-ladder on to the foredeck, and fancied ourselves amidst a collection of Vieuxlac pictures, so entirely were we transplanted into the Chinese world.

We were surrounded by ill-formed men of middle size, with pale yellow skins, high cheek-bones, round noses, sloping eyes, and black pigtails several feet in length, which grew from the centre of their otherwise shorn heads; their clothing consisted of a sack-like spencer, and broad trousers of the same colourless material. A few carried a kind of parasol made of reeds; their necks and feet were

bare; these were the sailors. They looked coarse but good-natured; their faces would have been dull and heavy, if their sharp dark eyes had not glittered forth from them.

The people were friendly, although knavish, and did not seem in the least embarrassed. At some distance apart stood several timid-looking, meagre, weakly little men, with dark, oily, shining faces, but more noble features, speaking however of distrust, black hair, and gleaming eyes. Except for their turban-covered heads, they were dressed like the Chinese; their expression was fanatically gloomy; their manner retiring and serious. They were the Indian crew, which, with the addition of three or four Europeans, was complete. An English captain commanded.

The uncouthness and disobligingness of the Indians formed a great contrast to the friendly readiness of the Chinese. At first, it appeared as if the captain did not wish to notice us; but after a time he added a rejoinder to our remarks occasionally.

We inspected the interesting parts of the ship, and watched the Indians and Chinese in their varied attitudes. Some sat with legs covered; others lay stretched at full length; others again were gathered round the galley fire in an unsightly mass, lighting their short pipes at the embers.

We must acknowledge that the Chinese are true to nature in the representations they give of themselves; their every posture and every feature were already known to us from the hangings and screens which ornament our European boudoirs. We could almost fancy they carried pagodas on their nodding, turning heads as we looked at their attenuated limbs, and long, majestic pigtails. By these last appendages, though forbidden by Europeans, the worshippers of Confucius set great store; they are so long that during their work they wind them round their neck and body. The ages of these people appeared to be between thirty and forty; their muscular system was very strong and coarse, and inclining to roundness.

One amongst them, who had shown himself particularly amiable, and who had smiled often good-naturedly and knowingly upon us, spoke broken English. We asked him if he had nothing to sell of the products of his land, whereupon he brought a bundle of little sticks, which, as he gave us to understand by signs, were burnt during prayers. When we tried them at home, they burnt a very long time, and smelt very agreeably.

Amongst the Indians two figures interested us particularly,—an old man, with a beautiful white beard, prominent nose, thick lips, and dreamy, sad, half-closed eyes. A white turban was bound round his small head, which contrasted well with his dark complexion. His countenance reminded one of a heavy-laden, sleepy camel.

The second was a younger, smaller black man, of supple build; his shiny, curly hair was of a black-blue colour; his features were noble and beautiful; his complexion was brilliant; and out of his dark eyes shone a gloomy, melancholy fire. His expres-

sion repulsed, while at the same time it attracted you, as you see in gipsies, Hungarians, and Jews. At our departure we divided among the Asiatics a few bright silver pieces, which appeared to make a very good impression; for, as we pushed off from the side of the ship, the friendly Chinese put their heads out of the ports, and nodded most cordially, as I said just now.

Some days after this I had the gratification, on a beautiful sunny day, of swimming for the first time in the sea. He who has worked hard to keep himself afloat in standing water, and exerted himself like a struggling poodle, feels freshened and borne up upon the salt flood, like a swan on the blue waves. The sun, too, shines so deliciously on the magnificent harbour, that it is a pleasure to move about in these waters. After we had left the bath, feeling strengthened, we fished for some time in the abundant sea, and drew out oysters, which we immediately devoured. We next gave ourselves up to an occupation not so pleasant as the last, but very worthy of notice nevertheless.

A diver was to descend to the depths of the sea before our very eyes. It was an awful moment, and had I known before how it was managed, I should never have wished to see it. We ascended to the ship on which the poor diver was,—the only one amongst 80,000 men who had the courage to follow this trade.

He already sat upon a bench, clothed in an indiarubber dress, an air-tight helmet of heavy iron on his shoulders, which they screwed on the iron rim of his dress. In this covering for his head were two glass panes for his eyes, behind the opening, into which an indiarubber pipe was fixed, for the purpose of conducting air to him through a pump. The attire itself is fearful; all is so tight and so screwed, that it gives one a sense of suffocation.

A heavy anchor was now thrown into the deep waters, to which the diver, upon reaching the bottom, was to fasten a rope. It was certainly more prosaic than if he had fetched the "golden

goblets" out of the flood, but the danger was not less great. Schiller's beautiful youth was obliged to throw away mantle and girdle; on this poor young man heavy weights were hung to preserve him under the waters, and the glowing eyes of a lovely princess did not inspire him; he descended on a rope ladder, and disappeared in the floods. Only the ever-widening circles in the water showed where he had sunk.

Long, long he gave no sign. It was a painful, terrible time for us; the thought forced itself upon us that the poor man might be a sacrifice to our curiosity. Had I not been ashamed before those who were accustomed to this spectacle, I should have begged them to call the man back from his dangerous undertaking. When our anxiety had reached its highest point, he at last gave the sign that his work was finished. The machines were now set in motion, and they drew the heavily-laden hero up again, and quickly disengaged him from his oppressive paraphernalia. He was greatly fatigued and exhausted.

" Er athmete lang und athmete tief,
Und begrüsste das himmlische Licht;
Und frohlockend es Einen dem Anderen rief
Er lebt, er ist da, es behielt ihn nicht."

He confessed that each time it cost him a struggle to trust himself to the floods; the first time especially the rush of the stream of air into the metal helmet had been terrible to him. Once he was taken ill at the bottom of the sea, but he was able by a sign to make his condition known; however, he is always exposed to many dangers, —the heat may bring on apoplexy. If the pump is worked too quickly, and too much air is let in, he is stifled; the same thing occurs if the water finds an entrance into his helmet. The managers confessed to me that none of themselves would run the risk. I readily believed them, and wondered more than ever at the courage of the diver. He is one of the imperial sailors, and is called "Nichola Rendich." He had noble but sickly, sad features, and is of a fine although slender figure.

The appearance of a Fata Morgana upon the sea, —a sight I had long desired to behold, fell to my lot one morning at Trieste, although they are not very frequent in this port. We had stepped out on the balcony after breakfast, from whence we enjoyed the view before us. As I looked towards the horizon, I fancied I saw a second expanse of water; on the other side were floating sailing-vessels, but turned upside down, and shores unseen before seemed stretched before the eyes,—it was the magic sight of a double sea, in whose partition most various objects were represented.

The most lovely sunlight fell on the scene, which lasted long enough for us to contemplate it at leisure. At length the picture melted like a beautiful dream into blue air. We only stayed half a day longer in Trieste, and then, on a glorious morning, clave the waters of the Adriatic on the magnificent steamship 'Vulcan,' sailing towards the coasts of beautiful Hellas.

My feelings as the harbour vanished from our

sight were those of a conqueror, for at this moment my dearest wish was fulfilled. We had a thousand plans and hopes in our thoughts, so that this parting was one of the most cheerful I ever experienced.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DAY ON GRECIAN LAND.

September 8, 1856.

Towards five o'clock in the morning I stepped on to the foredeck, and was almost overpowered by the noble view which presented itself to my eyes.

In soft rose-coloured outlines extended the Gulf of Patras, as seen in the morning twilight. The mountains of the Peloponnesus and the rocky tops of Rumelia glowed in the reflection of the rising sunbeams; a mysterious semi-darkness enveloped the shores of the calm blue-green sea. To the south the vaulted sky stretched into infinite distance, the colours were laid on in great massive

tones, from the deep blue of the distant mountains to the most brilliant rose-red of the glimmering rocks. A morning on the Alps is considered as the most beautiful thing in nature; I have seen it, and it is certainly a grand spectacle; but the magnificence and glory of the south is unrivalled, and the thin mist in the valleys does not equal the magic of the sea.

To our left we caught sight of Missolunghi, where the grateful Greeks have placed a monument to Lord Byron. He died here, armed to fight for the liberty of the country, whose charms he has sung in immortal verse. Before us, in the deep shadows, lay Patras; to its left was the entrance to the Bay of Lepanto, where the shimmer of the new-born day is turned into a silver band. Suddenly, in the direction of Corinth, the sun bursts forth, and nature rejoices in her new life.

Scarcely, however, did we see the golden rays dancing on the waves, than the speed of our steamship placed the high mountains of Patras between

us and it; then we saw it rise once more, this time remaining faithful to us, and gladdening us with its southern power. Now, again, we saw the town, surrounded with green luxuriant vineyards, crowned with a ruined Venetian fortress; its long, but not very broad masses of houses stretch along the roads.

As we had not landed since leaving Pola, the south burst suddenly upon us; the barren, rocky, mountain-way making the shore look more smiling. Our ship was soon surrounded by light fishing-boats, filled with curious Greeks in white fustanellas and artistic caps, who watched the new arrivals. The little boats, with their three-cornered sails, cleft the green transparent waters like swans. As we had cast anchor about two hundred yards from the town, several messengers approached with a petition to allow our ships to be visited, which, however, did not take place, firstly, because we had no "pratica," and, secondly, that these visits are inconvenient under the circumstances. After we

had cast anchor, which was the first part of us which touched Grecian land, we could contemplate the town and its bustle from afar.

It was an extraordinarily lovely day, just such an one as we would desire for a first glimpse of an eagerly sought land, and the delight only known to a traveller when he reaches the aim of his wishes, took possession of me. The exterior view of the town had an Italian character; the houses are built in irregular picturesque crowds, and the friendly vine clusters over all the wall.

Patras lies at the bottom of a hill, which slopes up to the high mountains. The lower houses stretch out to the sea. Its antiquity was not remarkable. With the exception of one or two sarcophagi, it contains few interesting relics. Whilst under the Venetian rule, it was important on account of its fortress; but, in the history of modern Greece, it will never be forgotten, because the cloisters of Megasderion, close to the town, formed the cradle of the rising Hellas. Here the war with

the unbelievers was proclaimed sacred by the archbishop, and here the banner with the white cross was raised.

Through the number of its inhabitants, and through its commerce, the staple article of which is currants, Patras is one of the most important towns in Greece. Its circumference increases daily.

As it was Sunday, we met all the citizens in pretty dresses walking about. We met hundreds of Greeks, in the white fustanellas, moving along the quay at the sound of the bell calling to Mass. The number of the boats around us increased every minute; lying in these were the handsome sons of the country,—the soldiers in blue, with silver-embroidered spencers, narrow red girdles, richly folded, ornamented blue spatterdashes and red shoes. The features of the Greeks are noble; their heads rest erect on their proud necks, and their fine figures are rendered noticeable by their good carriage.

After a messenger had been dispatched from our vessel to the Consul, our beloved Austrian banner was suddenly displayed from a building near the sea; soon, too, a Greek boat brought us the "pratica," and, finally, our own returned with the Consul.

He was a thin, slight Italian, whose high grey hat, like himself, might count many years. Locks of grey hair hung down from his head, his sharp pointed nose nearly touched his chin, the past alone could count his teeth, his long poking neck was enveloped by a white cravat resembling a pocket-handkerchief, and his stiff body was hidden by a dark green diplomatic coat, the tails of which announced the importance of his office.

From all these symptoms we inferred that he was very friendly to Austria, and that he intended to entertain the Austrians with all manner of festivities. We invited him to breakfast, during which he related that he had been an officer in the Austrian army, and had served under Haynau and

Radetzky; later, had taken part in the war with Ibrahim Pasha; then had travelled to Nubia, and lastly had come as Consul to Patras, where he already lived eighteen years.

Engaged in lively conversation, he might have been taken for an Italian improvisatore. Latterly he had had an opportunity for exhibiting his diplomatic talents. A crowd of Italian and Hungarian exiles had collected together at Patras; they treated him at first with some contempt, but stormed him afterwards with petitions to his government to allow them to return home. Two of our gentlemen accompanied him after breakfast to his barge. How we envied them, who were so soon to tread the famed land, whilst we, on this charming day, were obliged to wait till the afternoon!

The gentlemen promised to return and fetch us very soon, also to bring with them some of the delicious grapes and figs "cooked" in the Grecian sun. Professor G. employed the time by drawing,

from the stern of the vessel a view of the gulf panorama. Like all he drew, it was most happy. The others talked over future plans for journeys to come, gloated over the ever-changing spectacle of nature, watched the barks coming and going, and filled in our diaries. A small vessel hovered round us, containing musicians singing beautiful songs.

Yet, in spite of all this, the time seemed very long to us before we caught sight of the Consul's boat. We saw by the two gentlemen's cheerful faces and lively description how pleased they were with their expedition. We were unhappily detained some time longer on board by a contractor whom the Consul brought with him, and with whom we signed an agreement relating to our land journey to Corinth and Nauplia.

At half-past one we were at last afloat, and all who possessed hands and feet sprang into the boat of the 'Vulcan.' Joyfully we steered between picturesque merchantmen to shore. An exquisite

delight thrilled through me as I set foot for the first time on Grecian soil. It was only a week since I had taken leave, laughing and rejoicing, of my old friends at Stephensthurm, and now I stood, thanks to that wonderful mechanical power, steam, the triumph of modern ages, upon that land which, above all others, appertains to the past.

The speed of the passage was like magic. There we stood in the open plain of Patras, surrounded by objects, descriptions of which I can only give by faint shadows. At the entrance of a coffee-house sat a group of wealthy Greeks, with dazzling fustanellas and ample dark blue trousers, smoking their long pipes. Others stood near and played with their bead-chains, which resemble a rosary, which the restless hands of the Hellenes never leave alone.

Yonder, a son of the mountains, clothed in a white fez, drives a train of horses and asses, whose only business it is to bring down the sweet grapes from the high hills in baskets and sacks. Here a lusty troop of peasants, in Sunday attire, expose

the fruit for sale; there a group of screaming children gambolled round a grey-headed priest, with a waving beard. Further on, a band of merry soldiers traversed the crowd, marching in measured step.

These tableaux were framed by the most varied buildings. Some of these were remarkable from their neat appearance and clean paint. They belong to the rich merchants, who take their siestas during the hot noontide behind the green "jalousies." Other buildings, of a more ruinous aspect, were of wood. Beneath the houses run galleries, supported by wooden pillars; within these were erected richly-coloured booths, where, according to the customs of the land, suitable objects were sold; the most interesting were the old weapons, and pictures of saints on wood, some of which I bought.

The streets are tolerably wide, but up and down hill, and offering to civilized feet very uncomfortable stone pavements, upon which trickling streams

form tiny waterfalls. Here and there one lights on a Place, in the midst of which a few trees, with an Oriental well, are generally to be found. Round this the women gather, after the fashion of those mentioned in the Old Testament, bringing their earthen pitchers. Two of these places are called "The King's Brace."

By my desire, we went to a garden on a height. We went by rough paths past ruinous huts made of rotten timber, bound together by tethers of vine. When we had reached it, we were overcome by the wondrous view of the gulf. At our feet lay the town; the ships appeared as on a mirror, crowned with the green mountain-chain of Parnassus.

We stood upon a terraced plain, under which deep caverns, excavated in the olden time in the mountain, served as dwelling-places to the jackals. A group of magnificent fig-trees grew amongst creeping gourds; grapes lay strewn upon the earth, which the sun was drying into those sweet raisins of so great importance in the northern cookery.

Thus, in various lands grows and flourishes what pleases the palate, but when the sweet morsel is swallowed by us, we do not think of its history, or of its journey to our distant homes.

The raisins here are not treated with the same regard as in our kitchens; they are thrown in heaps, mixed with the dust of the earth, into dirty baskets; they are packed on the backs of numerous donkeys, who, groaning under their heavy burdens, bring them to the roadstead, where they are stamped closely into barrels by men's feet, and shipped off to the West.

This charming garden is enclosed by a wall, whose arched gates we entered, and found ourselves standing in a perfect palace of vines, which was intersected by beautiful shady paths. Stone columns support the trailing creepers. Light wooden stakes form the skeleton of a thick roof of vines, through which only here and there peeps the blue sky. Thousands of grapes hang down from the light arches, of a size such as one reads of in fables.

The pillars of the leafy dome stood upon low walls, which terminated on one side in a little summer-house. The ground of the broad shady place in front of this was paved with great slabs of marble, and upon one of the surrounding stone benches rested two gardeners, stretched in picturesque attitudes upon soft hides.

In order to perfect the idyl, a deep, clear well stood in the middle, in which the green of the leafy roof and the blue of the heavens were reflected. At its edge were perched two white doves, drinking the water. On the ground lay a blue fruit, which we thought were plums; they were, however, the fallen berries of the fabulous great bunches of grapes, which we had tasted with such enjoyment.

We now wandered through the lovely leafy part, which was crossed by luxuriant orange groves. Alas! the fruit with which these magnificent trees was overladen, was not yet ripe. Plants which, with us, we find in glass-houses, grew here in pic-

turesque variety; also the manner in which they are planted is pleasantly varied. One imagines oneself wandering in Paradise. Such a vegetation I had never before seen, such fruits never before tasted.

The charm of these lovely gardens was heightened still more by the view of the sea. The Consul was highly pleased by our enchantment, and sympathized with it. He had rarely, during eighteen years, shown to such appreciative travellers the wonders of this neighbourhood. Now he was once again amongst his equals,—amongst civilized men.

At length we returned through inhabited streets, and paid a visit to the wife of the Consul in the Austrian consulate. She is a very polite, elegant Venetian lady of middle age, and speaks good French. They brought to us, in her rather untidy drawing-room, some girdles, embroidered with silver and gold, in which the people carry their weapons, and one of which I wished to buy.

After the lady of the house had invited us for

the evening, we took the Consul in a boat belonging to the 'Vulcan,' to dine with us in the ship. We were packed like herrings in our great poop cabin, which the heat rendered still more unpleasant.

After dinner the good old gentleman took us to a concert, which was to be conducted by the band of an irregular battalion of Grecian infantry, on the front place of the above-mentioned gardens, and where the whole population of the town was to be assembled in rich costumes.

We already distinguished from the ship the white fustanella, and heard the sounds charming us thitherwards. The siesta was over. Beautiful women, with long rich hair and pretty dresses, showed themselves as we passed along on the balconies.

In the streets also we encountered the most charming Patras ladies, leaning on the arms of important fine-looking men, who were unfortunately already returning home. We stepped quickly for-

wards, and found a tolerably large circle still gathered round the band, which just then was not playing, and which presented a very shabby appearance. This sight of the people, amongst whom no division of classes is to be found, was interesting. They are all brothers of one stock, who having languished under the same yoke formerly, have now shaken it off together. The sympathy in joy and sorrow is the cause of their similitude.

Everywhere, when one nation is subjugated by another, this likeness amongst the oppressed is to be found, at least in the unanimity of their sentiments regarding the oppressor. All strive after the same object, viz. liberty, and in the struggle forget their own individuality. Those families whose fathers have fought with peculiar distinction in the war of freedom alone take a higher rank.

After our arrival the band played one more piece, and then everybody dispersed. The sun had disappeared behind the highest summit of Rumelia. The twilight lasted scarcely a quarter of

an hour; we went, therefore, straight to the Consul's house, before the darkness should set in. His wife received us, surrounded by her children. We entertained ourselves as well as we could, and somewhat later the music master of the house arrived, in a national dress, with his charming young wife.

The Consul's lady had probably invited her in order to show us one of the best specimens of the lovely daughters of Greece.

This beautiful being, seated beside me, spoke little, and only in her own language. Her husband played a few of our oldest melodies with a good deal of execution. Later, the eleven-year-old young lady of the house fired off a much practised little piece. I have always had a horror of the productions of precocious children, especially when their mothers are present, and one is obliged to put on a pleased expression.

By-and-by, the room filled with all the people of rank in the town, and, amongst them, the French

Consul, who, from his appearance, might have been taken for a porter. We drank tea, that bond of union in all society of the nineteenth century, and beside this, a fearful national drink, made out of bruised gourds, was handed round. The host offered long pipes to the gentlemen, whom, at the conclusion, we induced, after many importunities, to lead the ladies and children through a national dance, which appeared very dull and uniform. We thanked our hosts heartily, and returned by the glorious starlight to the 'Vulcan.'

CHAPTER III.

A LAND JOURNEY THROUGH GREECE.

THE contract with the man who was to manage our journey through Hellas, was concluded. Our ship was to rejoin us at Nauplia, and we commenced our land journey on a most glorious morning.

Our household, with the exception of one man, we left on board. Our luggage we also reduced to the barest necessaries. We had, on account of the fatigues of the way, dressed ourselves in most singular costumes, and when we assembled to get into the boat, a looker-on might have fancied we were a band of strolling actors just setting out on their travels. Some had on tall boots, others tied

in their blouses with girdles, and were armed with clubs, daggers, and guns against robbers, and with umbrellas against the sun.

The author of this diary drew forth a Chinese parasol, made of extraordinarily light stuff, which, in spite of the ridicule of his companions, served him in good stead. In case of bad weather, we had already procured in Trieste some peculiar Istrian "marinaros" of brown leather, and provided with capes.

The horses awaited us before the Consul's house, who received us on the steps in front in his morning *négligé*. Only a few of the beasts and their bridles would bear inspection. The poor nags were in a frightful state of emaciation, and their harness was a conglomeration of chains, ropes, and bits of leather.

The contractor, whom we will call Demetry, was busily employed in dividing the beasts among the riders, and at the same time praised their qualities inordinately, in which the Consul, whose eques-

trian comprehension appeared to be very weak, supported him zealously. The packhorses were laden so heavily with stores and provisions that they almost disappeared from our sight.

At a quarter to seven the long procession set out, escorted for safety by the *gens d'armes* of the town of Patras. At first, we passed through the fruitful vine-covered hills which rose behind the town, and over slight ascents; the people were everywhere busy with the grape-harvest. Along the road leafy huts were erected, in order to protect the fruit. I wondered to find groups of reeds of unusual growth on the heights between grapes, oranges, and pomegranates.

The view of the blue gulf and the mountains of Rumelia was charming; a magical repose lay upon the landscape, and everything glistened in the fresh morning air. The stony road, intersected by small streams and bushes, descended by-and-by, and led through the dried-up bed of a broad torrent, in which, to our astonishment, vegetation was most luxurious.

The oleanders grew in great dark clumps, out of which peeped the lovely rose-coloured blossoms; and the modest myrtle, with its dark grey foliage, formed bushes of such size and luxuriance in this sandy soil, that those who have only seen it in pots would scarcely recognize it. Our road lay parallel with the seashore, and, for the last time, the suburbs of Patras were seen in the morning light.

On the Gulf of Lepanto—famed for its sea-fight,—we saw the town of the same name. It is hemmed in between high mountains and the sea. The fort of Rion lies before it on a small promontory, and on the side nearest to us rose the fortress of Antirion from amidst the waters. Both these fortifications have Greek garrisons. The importance of the victory of Don Juan is here intuitively perceived. We could understand the impossibility of the Turkish fleet finding an outlet when once it had crossed this narrow line of sea. Once more Lepanto played an important part in the strife for liberty. Now it is scarcely of any significance.

One beautiful picture after another disclosed itself before our eyes, for the waves of sea-foam meeting the abundant vegetation offers something new to the traveller, and fresh charms are never wanting; the nearer we approach to the sea, the more these increased.

After a three hours' ride, however, in spite of our enthusiasm and hilarity, our limbs felt tired, our stomachs empty, and our powers of comprehension weakened. We were very glad when Demetry showed us a spot of green ground at the edge of a little creek, as the "Khan" where we were to get our luncheon.

When we arrived before the hut, our horses were consigned to the servants, and we encamped in the shade of the building. The marinaros took the place of cushions, and a tablecloth was spread on the turf. Flasks and plates were taken out of the bags, and, after the old custom, we made a hearty meal lying down, and then rested an hour by the fresh seashore. A few of the gentlemen took their

siesta. My brother, Dr. F., and I resolved to take a little walk in the neighbourhood.

Close to the houses the vegetable world was refreshed by wide, pond-like streams, and near the sea grew impenetrable thickets. Where the way was not blocked up by the thick foliage and branches, the path was rendered difficult by the most beautiful creepers, whose quaint chains we broke through with much labour.

Our hope was that we might catch tortoises, of which we had picked up some on the way, but no such good fortune befell us. We remarked a large dead plane-tree, on which, instead of leaves, there was a forest of wild vine; the elegant tendrils drooped around us like a green waterfall,—the most practised gardener could not have arranged such beautiful wreaths. I would gladly have sketched this full, fresh life surrounding the dead limbs, if I had had time. We tasted the fruit of the wild vine, and found that it equalled our garden grapes in sweetness. When we came back to the shore,

Professor G. busied himself with his usual talent in drawing the bay with its surroundings. The Recorder K. sat in the shade of an olive-tree, and wrote a poem. The rest slept away the pleasant hours,—a few, however, having seated themselves on the sands.

We went to bear them company; the depths of the ocean always exercise a mysterious charm upon me. Powerfully and irresistibly the bottomless flood attracts me, and I rejoice in all that belongs to it. Even the little mussels that were turning over in the sand might have been supposed to be gold pieces, so diligently did I pick them up. Yet soon the signal for departure was given, and, according to our corpulency, we jumped, or we crept, into our saddles.

New objects continued to appear and disappear; bay followed upon bay; now we passed over the fine sand of the sea, then through bushes and picturesque hollow ways, or over lightly swelling heights.

The country may be called wild and uncultivated, but there is a great charm in this rank, luxuriant nature. Where there are great yellow patches of bare earth, there are also pine-trees, with their needle-like crowns, which are greener than the freshest leaves; tall plantains, with their broad branches, creepers and vines embracing their trunks, and lovely myrtle mixed with the poetic laurel. These green resting-places for the eye are a hundred times more beautiful than if the cold hand of the utilitarian had drawn his straight furrows through a landscape in which such deep peace reigns, which labour has not overturned; no ship disturbs the mirror of the deep blue sea; no church-tower, no ruins distract the eye from the glowing mountains.

He who complains of the monotony of these countries has not experienced their charm, and I can only pity the man whose heart does not expand with delight when he sips the air of old Hellas.

The Grecian sun had soon done its work, and,

after a second three hours' ride, we longed for refreshment. Again we approached a "Khan," which was thickly surrounded by great olive-trees. A few vineyards were to be found in the neighbourhood, and we expressed our wish to the guides to refresh ourselves with the Grecian grapes. We soon procured a quantity of them, and a splendid melon.

On the way we had already met groups of two or three persons riding upon asses, carrying dried grapes in leathern bags to the markets of the larger towns. These riders have a highly picturesque appearance; the manner in which they are dressed, their peculiar seat upon the animal, their noble bearing, gave us an exalted opinion of the beauty of the Greeks. We found several of these men in the "Khan;" most of them were strongly armed, which heightened their natural dignity.

When they saw Dr. F. taking snuff, they begged him for a pinch, and thanked him grace-

fully for it. They let us examine their clothes without embarrassment, preserving throughout their proud, self-reliant bearing.

In the interior of the "Khan" was a booth-like room, in which were offered necessary articles in that land. Glasses, pots, and bowls; amongst them were liquors of a rather uninviting smell, so we spent the rest of our repose in the open air. As we rode on, it appeared that my horse was of tolerable speed, which was not the case with all. The Recorder K. asserted that his was vicious and kicked. The poor gentleman had never ridden before, and was now obliged to make his first essay for twelve hours in a bad saddle!

Two *gens d'armes* led our quaint procession; they were a mixture of Bavarian and Greek,—their heads belonged to their Fatherland, and their clothes, or uniforms, were Greek. Behind them rode Count C., in imperturbable calm, smoking and taking in the new impressions dumbly. Then followed Prince J. and Baron K.; the first

longed in vain for the comfortable-looking villas, with their beautiful inhabitants, which we passed; the latter broke in poor Demetry's horse like a riding-master.

Dr. F. went on his way with slow quietude, and amused us with interesting anecdotes, which he knew how to tell very well. Occasionally he refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff. My brother generally rode next to him, and protected himself from the heat of the sun by a great umbrella. Now came G., perched between the leathern bulwarks of his Turkish saddle. In the ascents and descents compassionate souls gave him help, for he, too, was unaccustomed to riding, though he carried himself very well for a novice.

I pranced upon my fiery, small grey horse from one to the other; my Chinese parasol, like a banner of victory, in my hand, and amused myself with the merry jokes of the company. As we once more rode by the seaside, we were suddenly overtaken by a passing torrent of rain, and were ob-

liged to take shelter in a miserable shepherd's hut. The rain cooled and purified the air, and the evening by the shore was all the more delightful, whilst in Rumelia, black clouds hung over Parnassus.

On approaching a small town where we were to take up our quarters for the night, we found the surrounding country very wet; we had to wade through several brooks, in the middle of which oleanders bloomed. One of the horses of the leading *gens d'armes* began to prance in passing a thick bush of them. The Prince's horse, next to whom I rode, was also frightened, but we passed by in safety. The Prince, however, begged me to watch how it fared with the rest as they passed this bugbear, so, looking round, I beheld our poor Recorder upon the neck of his brown nag, leading a forlorn kind of dance, which ended in his lying helplessly on the grass.

It turned out that the cause of this alarm was a donkey covered with reeds, and the horses had all shied at the moving mass. I sprang to my dear

Recorder, who, happily, was uninjured, and was soon in his saddle again, laughing over his disaster.

A little before sunset we were shown our night quarters, viz. the little town of Vostizza. The shores of this gulf are particularly beautiful, owing to the heights which spring out of the sea, hiding the past and the coming bay. Vostizza lies upon just such a pretty ascent. My brother and I rode on now with Prince J. straight to our point. We had to pass the bed of a broad river, then up a steep hill, which was washed out like a sandbank.

The sea appears to have once reached nearly thirty fathoms higher than it does now. Between this bank and the sea stretches a pleasant green plain, covered with vineyards; a few houses run out into the sea; in the midst rises a large plane-tree, which is said to date from the time of Pythagoras.

We rode in at the upper side of the town. The cook of Demetry, who had hastened on before, guided us to the house where we were to spend the

night. It had the appearance of an inn. On the ground floor was a large room, which, instead of a window, had an opening upon the street, and which served as kitchen, cellar, storeroom, and magazine. Our food was already prepared, but covered with thousands and thousands of flies, which was not agreeable. Besides the flies, several curious townspeople gathered together, whose clatter, added to the buzz of the insects, made a most confusing concert.

Up a tumble-down wooden staircase we mounted to the upper story, which contained two so-called rooms, in which we could not complain of the new fashion of the furniture. Four naked walls, not to be called white, so covered were they with dirt; our noses, too, could have well dispensed with the Grecian atmosphere of the room.

This was not a comforting prospect; but after a ride of twelve hours, I thought we could make ourselves tolerably comfortable with straw and our marinaros.

The Prince, however, asserted that this station was not conformable with the contract which we had concluded with Demetry, and that it was beneath our rank to sleep in such quarters. I represented that the simplest plan would be to camp out in the open; but the Prince continued to insist upon a serious conversation with Demetry, and I rested myself meanwhile upon the sill of the opening in the lower room and watched the movements of the Hellenes. Several trains of laden asses, horses, and mules went by with slow steps, for as there are few carriages in Greece, except at Athens, these trains are seen in every street.

Our appearance soon attracted several of the respectable people of the town. Since the English blockade, strangers are a rare spectacle to Grecian eyes. I must, however, confess that the inhabitants are more polite than in our more civilized lands. If you nod at them kindly, they thank you immediately with the greeting of the country, laying their hand on their heart and forehead.

After some time, Demetry and those who had remained behind came up, and he was assailed by everybody with requests for a better night's lodging; instead of making excuses, he spoke to a few well-dressed citizens near, and begged us to follow him. He led us into the higher part of the town, and introduced us, with great archness, into the handsome and commodious house of a royal officer, who must have been not a little surprised to see himself suddenly invaded by so large a company. He, however, proffered us Oriental hospitality in the fullest measure. We were soon settled in two rooms, partly furnished, which were cleaned for us, one on the second floor. The master of the house was himself present in order to provide for our necessities at the shortest notice, and expressed himself most cordially towards us in broken French.

From the larger room there led a frail, almost dangerous balcony, with a most magnificent view of the opposite bay. It was a Southern night in its fullest beauty,—the stars sparkled like diamonds,

and the moon like a ship sailed quietly in the blue ether. The town, with its lovely gardens, lay in silent evening rest; the sea shimmered in the reflection of the moon; nature in this solemnized moment rested from its work.

An inward relaxation came over me after the overpowering heat of the past day, and a refreshing little breeze blew from the sea over the sleeping country; meanwhile the supper and dinner in one was laid out, and we addressed ourselves courageously to it in spite of the swarms of flies.

The master of the house fetched the best wine he possessed, out of his cellar, and looked on with anxiety when we raised our glasses to our lips in order to taste it. The presence of our amiable host alone deterred us from dashing them down again. It was a sweetly-sour drink, which, from the goat-skin bottle it was kept in, had become truly horrible. Enthusiastic as I generally was over Hellas, I never got on well with its wine.

A merry conversation enlivened our meal, but at

length our bodies demanded their rights, and we retired to rest. We found only one bed and two divans prepared for us, a part of the company therefore accommodated themselves upon the floor. Towards five o'clock we were awoke by the sound of the *réveillée*, we hastily swallowed our breakfasts and were then conducted to a cellar where lay two very beautiful antique statues.

Art in Vostizza did not appear much advanced, since they had left these rare marble forms lying amongst rubbish in the deepest obscurity. One was a female figure, probably a Ceres, with excellent draperies, but unfortunately the head was wanting; the other was the statue of a slender youth whose limbs showed a beautiful regularity. A fine head of a man, with noble features, lay near the other two. The marble was transparent, like that which, so we are told, was used in Penthelicon.

This neglect of such fine works of art proves, that if the modern Greeks have inherited the

courage, wit, and cunning of their ancestors, the creative genius of these latter exists no more. The flower of that art is dead, and we scarcely find even a trace of its roots, so that we dare not hope for a fresh growth. When we returned to our lodgings, we found our horses already before them. We thanked our friendly host and resumed our journey.

We passed through several streets in picturesque confusion, like those of Patras. At half-past six o'clock we were outside the town. The sun had risen splendidly over the mountains of Corinth, announcing a very hot day. At the further extremity of the plain we saw the first palm-tree rising majestically thirty feet high over a desert churchyard. The emblem of peace had sprung from the bodies, and pointed its slender shafts upwards to direct the living to their future. The lower part of the ancient leaves formed the scaly rind of the trunk, which each year puts on a fresh crown, consisting in a green basket-like bush growing on the highest point of the tree.

From the town the road leads slowly downwards in a broad vineyard-covered plain, stretching on to the mountains. It was traversed by several dried river-beds, filled with rich oleander bushes, which wandered into the sea. The vineyards were full of life, and we met many trains of rich and poor in the most variegated dresses, riding on mules or asses. They were either going from or retiring to the leafy huts with the consecrated grape-crop.

These vine-dressers' huts offered an Oriental picture. Several women, with disordered black hair, cooked the frugal meal inside, and without stood the master in all his manly beauty, artistic dress, and rich weapons. The children crawled among the great melon heaps. This fruit grows to a perfect sweetness and delicacy between the vines, and I first learnt to know its excellence here. Close by stood groups of the beasts of burden, laden with goat-skin bottles and baskets for carrying the pressed must and the full grapes. The vines are not, as among us, trained up sticks.

They either form shady roofs, supported by light poles, or they throw their green chains from tree to tree; they also trail upon the ground, and weave a fresh green network over the plain.

This verdured plain is only as long as the town. As soon as it is ended, the mountains again approach the seashore, so that the road winds at times along dizzy rocks. We were astonished to see how clever the horses were in climbing, cat-like, over the steepest ascents. Often the path ran dangerously near the edge of the rock, whose base was laved by the blue waves, and whose toppling crags overshadowed us in an alarming manner. Occasionally, instead of the rocks, we saw sand-cones, which have been washed into the oddest shapes by the rippling water.

It amused me to watch the playful movements of the waves as they climbed the heights, now caressingly, now boisterously, declaring a continual war against the shore. The stones seem frequently cleft by the water. The road became so steep that

we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses after us. The necessity for this, however, soon ceased, and the burning air was cooled by rain.

On the high walls of rock grew pines, laurels, and the evergreen-oak. These oaks were only the size of bushes, and were covered with small prickly leaves, but the fruit surpasses greatly that of our oaks. In the gardens of Vienna this tree has not been introduced; but I had the pleasure of seeing several shoots, which I took with me, take root at home. The boughs, bending gracefully over the road, were covered with creepers, of which I collected as many seeds as I could, and put them into my travelling bag, to plant, if possible, in my garden.

After we had passed one or two more bays, the rocks retreated suddenly further from the sea, and we found ourselves on a level between two creeks covered with vines and olive-trees. We also passed by the finest fig-tree I had seen yet. It stood in the midst of a vineyard; the branches were laden

with baskets, full of the most beautiful fruit. Our guides threw themselves upon the tree and selected some of the finest figs and grapes, which were a real refreshment to us poor, tired, and heated wanderers, only the quantity was greater than we could carry. There is nothing in the world sweeter or more delicious than Grecian fruit, and particularly the honey-like fig. The mountains ended abruptly by a river, rather dangerous for the rider. An old bridge led over it, but as one of the arches was wanting, we were obliged to go through the water. It flowed on for some time through a beautiful valley. A chirp of insects accompanied us the whole way; the noise often becoming so loud and shrill that we took it for a bird, and looked to see if it were a peculiar kind of quail. When, however, we traced the sound to one particular olive-tree, and could not discover any bird, we felt sure that the sound was that of a cricket. We had quenched our overpowering thirst with the figs and grapes, but as we also experienced hunger, we

were glad to hear from Demetry that a small house stood on the shore of the bay before us, in which we might take our breakfast. It was built on the shifting sand, a few steps from the sea, whose cooling breezes did us much good, for the heat had become extraordinary. The roof of the "khan" was pierced with holes, like the hut of a beggar; the remainder of the building was just like the ruins we have already described. Before the miserable walls of the upper story was a balcony, under which we took our repast of eggs, cakes, and cold meat; what was wanting in the meal was supplied by good humour, though a few voices were raised, by those who had hoped for more comforts on the journey. Dr. F. complained, like a genuine comfortable Viennese, over the eating and drinking. Professor G. and I combated him diligently as sincere enthusiastic travellers and admirers of Hellas.

Meanwhile our guides quarrelled and screamed, which gave us the opportunity of learning to know the sound of the native tongue, and in-

spired me so much that I swung myself upon the tottering balcony, and thundered forth to our company in a language resembling the Grecian tongue, which greatly increased our merriment, and immediately attracted the attention of the Greeks. The modern Greek sounds very differently when used by the common people from what it does in the mouth of the better class; it then resembles more the ancient Greek, and they always try to bring in classical words to the exclusion of the Sclavonic element.

After a short rest we again set off. I, with Professor G., led the troop; and we passed a pleasant afternoon in quiet, thoughtful conversation. We spoke principally of the magical effects of colouring in this country; he expressed himself as a genuine artist, and I enjoyed his sound reflective judgments. During the conversation we continued to ride through the fine sand of the shore, which heightened the charm of his discourse. The deep blue, and clear green surface of the undulating water,

captivated us irresistibly, and illustrated what he said. We rode delightedly into the beating waves, and felt the charm which lies in contemplating these dancing waters and their innermost life. The stronger ones suppressed and rolled over the weaker ones, and their noble strength and power melted at last softly and beautifully upon the bright clean sand, in a light white rushing foam.

Suddenly, then, the mystic flood draws back, and only the little hardy outrunners trickle on the sand. Scarcely does one think oneself on dry land when a still more powerful wave dashes quickly up, and, like a troop of bridleless horses, runs still further than the former into the beach, going off again in empty foam, like a restless soul,—the distress of a bold, discontented mind, which melts away like the wave into the sand.

There was a wild pleasure in leading our frightened horses into the tossing element, and letting the waves dash against their hoofs. The beasts were

often driven back by their power, but our threats brought them back again, and we, with the whole party, enjoyed this play in the waters.

One minute the path wound upwards, and new pictures were spread before us; these were repeated where the indented heights broke the uniformity of the shore. The figures of our fellow travellers, seen first on the yellow patches of sand and stones, and then slowly climbing the heights, like *silhouettes* in the blue air, and then suddenly disappearing behind a rock, added to the interest,—the fantastic figures forming a contrast to the majestic solemnity of nature.

Upon one of the hills we came upon the ruins of a fortress, which had been destroyed through the fury of the Turks. In poor Hellas frequent traces are to be found of how fearfully the hand of the Moslem has been laid on the Christian lands, and how heavy their revenge on the combatants has been. The wounds of the country will bleed some time longer, and it will require a firm hand to

bring it to such a point as will enable it to make use of the hardly won victory.

Down from these rocks we rode on through the usual vegetation to the shore, which we did not quit again until, at five o'clock, we came to the little place of Sakoly, destined to be our station for the night. It also is built on the sands, and has rather a Turkish than a Grecian appearance. The chimney-pots glittered like minarets; except for these ornaments, everything in this village is poor and at the lowest degree of culture.

We were again shown a "khan," in which we found a small room with two wooden bedsteads. Until the meal was ready we went to walk upon the beach; but the coolness of the evening, contrasted with the previous heat of the day, was so great that we dared not stay long to enjoy the ever-increasing freshness. The sun had gone to rest gloriously, and with the dangerous change of temperature, usual in Greece, came the night. Before the meal I wrote my diary. The uncomfortable

couch and the insects prevented our going to sleep till late;" we were packed together like herrings, which gave rise to many squabbles and many jokes.

I had not slept many hours when the Recorder K. woke me, because he could not sleep himself, and was restless in consequence. Naturally, we let the others have no more quiet. Our breakfasts were brought to us, and some time before sunrise we left our night's lodging. I was so unwell that it was only out of consideration for the rest of the company that I forced myself to ride. I awaited the warm rays of the sun with anxious longing.

The bare summits of the mountain tops kindled in the glow. Towards Corinth, the purple band of the dawn became clearer and warmer, until at length, at the moment the sun appeared, it was transformed into a sea of golden rays. The sea lent a golden-tinted fringe of foam to the shore, the vine-covered mountains gleamed in light green verdure, and the pine-trees swung to and fro in the

fresh air. My indisposition continued to increase, and an hour after sunrise I was obliged to lie down in the open air. Dear Dr. F. covered me with cloaks and marinaros, and did me so much good, that after a little while, the caravan was able to start once more.

We followed the gulf for some time, often hindered by the numerous bushes. We frequently passed houses, which were, however, mostly deserted. Several Scriptural-like wells stood near the sea. By the "khan," where we were to breakfast, stood a crowd of mules laden with grapes. My companions instantly seized on these, but I was so tired with riding that I went on on foot.

Towards noon we reached Sizia, a small place by the shore, where Demetry had procured us quite a neat, gaily-painted, and well-arranged house for this neighbourhood. A terrace looked upon the sea. The room appeared a mixture of Oriental taste and European civilization. It contained several divans, gold-framed mirrors, Etruscan vases and clocks.

But that which we thought still more charming, was the beautiful and amiable cousin of our young host. She must have had some expectation of our arrival, for her fez, set so neatly on her brown hair, and the material of her fur-trimmed dress, were too magnificent for every-day use.

She appeared to be pleased at our admiring her beautiful costume. We went into the drawing-room, and could there observe the arrangement of a well-to-do Grecian house. In the East everything is done for show and magnificence, so they give us gold-embroidered towels; but there is wanting, amidst this extravagant luxury, most of the common comforts of life. In almost every Grecian room hang, in simple wooden frames, the portraits of the King and Queen, the soldier-heroes of liberty, and also scenes from the wars against the Turks. The pictures, however, were not worthy of the men or their deeds, and showed but a small amount of artistic talent.

After a short rest we continued our road to

Corinth along the coast, and towards evening the proud Acro-Corinth, with the town, rose before us on the extremest point of the gulf. The nearer the sea comes to the shore, the darker becomes its blue and the calmer its surface. The manner of building the houses, like the manner and appearance of the men, changes in this broad plain. Complexion and features take a gipsy-like cast, and the dress is light and disorderly. We rode on for hours without appearing to get nearer the town.

At sunset Acro-Corinth, and some of the higher summits, glowed in inexpressible beauty; other mountains were coloured orange and violet, and the most distant were veiled in that mystic black-blue which excites the imagination with a vague longing. The sea, too, had a deeper colouring than I ever saw elsewhere. We rode quietly and admiringly through all this magnificent colouring, beneath which the yellow earth peeped forth in several places.

Below Corinth, the topmost boughs of the olive-trees shone for the last time in the rosy glow; the sun sank behind the mountains of Patras, and the soft air of twilight fell over the surrounding country. While we continually fancied we were close to Corinth, it fled before us, like a deceptive mirage; we rode and rode, and could not reach it. The air upon the plain after sunset was disagreeable, and made us feel really uncomfortable. However, just as night overtook us, we reached our goal. Fearful,—yes, horrible,—appeared the ruins and subterranean vaults upon the pale desert earth. We rode amidst a sea of stones, but out of the black depths a poisonous air seemed to issue. A few solitary figures crept from fragment to fragment, like evil spirits. It was a picture of destruction, and the curse. We fancied ourselves in the city of the dead.

At length we came to a somewhat more civilized part of the town, where life appeared to reign once more. We stopped in a small place, before a

brilliantly-lighted, nice-looking house, that shone upon us like a star out of the darkness. It belonged to the family N., to whom our host had announced us without our knowledge. We did not know what to do in our new situation, until, to our delight, we heard German voices; at the same moment a great figure came towards us out of the obscurity, and invited us, in the German tongue, to sit down and pass the night in the family N.'s house.

We followed this voice crying in the wilderness, which at that moment really seemed to us like that of a prophet, and stepped through the door of the dwelling.

Here stood men and women, in the national costume, evidently apprized of our arrival. The German was a physician, who had lived here many years. He led us to a clean, prettily-furnished room on the first floor, and introduced us to the daughter of the house.

Eulalia, as this fair one was called, appeared in a

gorgeous costume that heightened her beauty, and Helen herself, could she have reappeared, might not have scorned the beauty of the Grecian damsel. She was a brilliant meteor in her first youth. Her tall, slender figure, of regular proportions, showed the noble form of Southern development. Her features were those of an antique cameo. Upon the ivory skin were pencilled with proud decision her dark brows, over her almond-shaped eyes. Her glorious hair fell back in waves off her dazzling temples, and upon her head was placed the dark fez, with its long tassel, which dangled on her shoulder. Unfortunately, she only spoke Greek, and Dr. H. was obliged to act as interpreter.

Her father is Minister of the Interior in Athens, and she will soon go there to marry a doctor. Amongst her suite were several companions, and a brother of her father, who, a few months after our visit, was killed in a party combat with the peasants. After we were once more alone, we seated ourselves, tolerably tired by our journey,

round the tea-table. The recorder, K., was unwell. Dr. H., whom we had invited to dine with us, rewarded our civility with long, interesting anecdotes on the state of Greece. These stories did not give a good account of the natives; but in this he only practised retaliation, for the hatred of the Greeks to foreigners is so great that they have coined a word expressly to convey this meaning. Only for physicians have they any respect, because they expect help from them against the dreadful fevers which raged but now so fiercely in Corinth.

Bathing in the sea and the air during the twilight, is dangerous. Owing to the temperance of the inhabitants and the otherwise good climate, other evils are rare. More dangerous than the fever are the robbers. According to Dr. H.'s account, the greater proportion of the people are of this craft, and its followers are said to have raised themselves to court dignities.

As all men who fought in the wars of freedom (called Palikaren, heroes) have the right to bear

arms, robbery becomes especially easy to them. Often, in the middle of the town, a house is attacked; our night's lodgings in Vostizza were thus once endangered for a whole night. Travellers do well to be accompanied by a sufficient number of gens d'armes. If such dangerous men are caught, it may happen that they rise after a short imprisonment to honour and distinction, for patronage and bribery are still greater here than in civilized countries; thus the highest in the land are sometimes in doubtful company.

Party quarrels also divide and destroy the country to a sad extent. The principal strife is between certain families who, having been distinguished in the war for freedom, form a succedaneum for our aristocracy. In every town one of these has the upper hand, whilst the rest do all in their power to dislodge them.

In Corinth it was our friendly hosts, the N.'s, who led the city, and exercised a kind of feudal power. This family finds its support in the favour

of the King. The father of Eulalia, as I have already said, is Minister of War; another brother is Pilikar and aide-de-camp of his Majesty.

Should the royal favour be withdrawn from them, they are, according to Dr. H.'s assertions, no longer safe for an hour in their four walls. Even if the good doctor's account was a little exaggerated, it was very interesting, for it was the first time we had listened to a free conversation on the country and its customs. When he began to describe the horrors of the fever, our Recorder vanished suddenly, and, after we had finished supper, we found him in a state of great emotion. He complained of dreadful pains in his knees, and in reality looked feverish. Inwardly he quite believed he was a victim to the fearful epidemic, and was very much alarmed, but would not hear of consulting the physician. We forced some cold bandages upon him, and only retired to rest when he was a little re-established.

The beds were broad and soft, and the arrangements luxurious for the country. We saw that we

were *sub umbrâ alarum* in the house of a man whom "the King delighteth to honour." After our great fatigue we slept excellently; but in spite of the soft pillows and gold-embroidered linen, there were many traces in the morning of a savage army of dwarfs on our mottled bodies! Magnificence and dom next door to one another!

Early in the morning the friendly H. appeared with our horses, to conduct us, after a hearty breakfast, to the far-famed Acro-Corinth. It was 5 o'clock A.M., and a fresh morning air gave us reason to expect a fine day. The increasing light showed us the ruins of the once flourishing town, on which, in spite of the soft morning rays, we could still trace the curse of heaven. Where were the palaces, the noble woods of cypress trees, the innumerable remembrances of ancient Greece? Where did the chaste figures of the priestesses wander? All the charms we find described in classic lore are vanished. Man's spirit has ceased to rule, and it is only the elements in their might

which inspire us with admiration. The sea, the sky, and the mountains distract our glances from the twice-destroyed town, whose few remains only show to posterity its former grandeur. Our conductor led us first to the ruins of the temple of Neptune.

They merely consist in four or five low columns, which are mighty even in their downfall. Two of these are bound together by a horizontal block of stone. One of these threatens a speedy downfall, for from the lower part a great piece is broken out, and has been plastered up with small stones and cracked mortar.

Did this temple stand in France or England, it would be put under a glass case by the archæologist; for where there exists a scarcity, possession is prized, and where, as here, there is such abundance, it is scarcely valued.

The prettiest Etruscan vases are to be bought here for a mere trifle, though considered at home like jewels only fit for a museum. I did not

neglect the opportunity of procuring some of these lovely shaped vessels. Behind the ruins of Neptune's Temple, the ground began to rise. We could ride outside the town up to the ruins of Acro-Corinth.

Everything around us was desert with the exception of a large fig-tree, which overshadowed a beautiful Turkish well, on the stones of which were inscribed some verses from the Koran. A thin Moorish woman filled her earthenware pitcher from it. Dr. H. told us that a few of these children of the equator remained from the time of Ibraham Pasha, though the greater number had fallen victims to the rage of the fanatical Hellenes.

In Corinth, in particular, the most horrible scenes of cruelty took place,—the Mussulmen slew the defenceless ones, and were murdered in retaliation themselves by the victorious Greeks.

From the well, the road continued to become steeper, and we soon were climbing up great rocks upon the craggy heights. The town vanished

for some minutes from our sight, and from the southern side we perceived the extraordinary stony fortress which stands at the entrance of the steep path. Wells, towers, and batteries are planted with a bold and practical genius on the single outstretched rock, one of the many useful works of the Venetian rule. Before the once terrible gate we dismounted, and led our horses up the rest of the way. We knocked at the great dark door, which was opened to us from the inside by a smart looking Grecian hussar. Through a dark archway, before which hung a portcullis, we passed to a small house which serves now as a residence to the garrison. This latter consists of ten or twelve wretched-looking men, who, according to the ideas of the country, are called soldiers!

In front of the barrack lay six or seven Venetian cannon without wheels; as if, tired of the long inaction, they had determined to make themselves comfortable. Acro-Corinth is built irregularly round the flat of the rocks, whose edge is sur-

rounded by a wall, upon which, from point to point, little towers are erected.

Broken pieces of rock, great heaps of ruined stones, bare walls of small houses, some cannon, bones of men and beasts lie in the direst confusion one on another.

Any attempt at order or a passable road is not dreamed of. In one of the many recesses of the rocks near the entrance, we found most of the houses in ruins, and in the middle a small chapel from which sprang young fig-trees. In these huts the inhabitants of Corinth sought refuge, after the Greeks for the first time took the fortress from the Turks.

Dr. H. made us remark two curious plants, growing between these ruins. One is the poisonous squirting-cucumber, the fruit of which, if touched, shoots forth its grains of seed with such force that the unwary bending over it may in a moment lose their sight. I covered my eyes, and struck the gourd with my foot, then I heard the

seeds rattling against my hat. The other plant twined round the stones with beautiful dark green leaves. Its blossoms were of a pure white, and filled with an innumerable number of fine stamens; a sweet and delicious smell was given forth by this delicate flower. The fruit was long, resembling a small green cucumber; the inside of it was filled with little red seeds. Yet neither fruit nor flower gives the plant its importance, but the tiny dark green buds, which, under the name of—the reader must have guessed it already—"capers," find their place upon every table.

We had still a good bit of the outer wall to climb, until, on reaching the highest point, we beheld Hellas, like an open map, lying below us. Towards the town the dark narrow band of the Isthmus stretched between two of the sunlit glassy plains. This fruitful strip of land is unfortunately uninhabited and uncultivated, and only a few pine-woods break the surface of yellow earth which lies like an unused treasure.

There was a plan of colonizing Germans on the Isthmus, but it came to nothing through the want of energy in the Government, and the hatred of the Greeks for foreigners. German industry might have saved the beautiful country by culture, and the four hundred families who were destined to do it have shown their neighbours how rich and happy it was possible to be on such a soil.

The breadth of the Isthmus, always inconsiderable, appears still narrower when seen from above. On the further side of the sea, immediately by the shore, the mountains of Rumelia and Livadia rise towards the heavens. The rocks are bare of trees, but coloured by the sun. Mountains appear, like men, to be mean or noble. The heights of Hellas arise like the noble forms—like old heroes. A Helicon, a Libetrius, a Cythero, stand forth like the ghosts of a glorious time. In the direction of Athens and Salamis the fog prevented our distinguishing objects clearly. On that side we saw, nearest to us, Lutreki, a small settlement, with the

depot of the Austrian Lloyd's, and an inn destined for the passengers of the steamboat. On the same coast lay Relamachi, where travellers are again taken up in a steamer to go on to Athens.

Below us was Corinth, less frightful and more pleasing when contemplated from this height. Several towers are to be seen from hence, with which the Turks had surrounded the town. The ground sinks down gradually towards the city, which may be reached in about half an hour. From the rocks of Acro-Corinth is a tolerably large, vine-covered plain, whilst from the mountains to the Morea stretches an olive-wood for nearly a league, whose fruit brings in to the various proprietors a yearly income of 50,000 thalers.

The trees of this grove are at a certain distance from each other, and in height and form resemble large willows. Their colour depends on the degree of cultivation bestowed on them, those most carefully tended being of a darker hue; in Dalmatia, as at Ragusa, the leaf is of a dark grey-

blue. The plain before us runs into a narrow rocky pass, through which is the road to Nauplia, bordered by a river. A glimpse was here caught of the interior of the Morea, showing us huge mountains of a wild character. The impression of the panorama was elevating and lovely. Rarely was the hand of man to be traced anywhere; in particular, the Morea looked like an unexplored country, which had not yet been enslaved by mankind.

As our time was very limited, and the road to Nauplia was long, we were obliged soon to leave this rich scenery, taking our way back to the entrance door by the opposite side. This road led us by a well, hewn in the rocks, filled with excellent water, in which Corinth abounds. We passed a small barrack, in which Bavarians were once quartered; except this, we saw nothing but rocks. A few soldiers hung about in hideous uniforms. The Greek in his national costume, and the Greek in foreign uniform, are as far apart as the heavens and earth,—so proud, slender, and graceful does he

appear in his fustanella and fez; so mean, thin, and pitiful in the uniform of the stranger.

Through the same gate by which we had entered we now left the fort, which the Greeks had only gained from the Turks by cunning. It is a pity that the great work of the Venetians is now falling to the ground. The walls are crumbling away, and most of the cannon, adorned with the proud lion of St. Mark, have been coined into money by the Government. Opposite Acro-Corinth, and between the mountains of the Morea, another rock juts out, and on its summit stands the oblong castle belonging to the N. family. We went down the steep part of the road on foot, only remounting our horses near the Turkish well. On returning to N.'s house we found the Recorder and Professor G., who had remained in the town on account of their great fatigue. They had visited its curiosities, and had so much to relate about them that my brother, Dr. F., and I resolved to see them, also, as quickly as we could.

Dr. H. led us up some steps, cut out of the rock, in the form of a semicircle, and one or two fathoms deep. Beneath this projection lies the far-famed grotto of Aphrodite. In the midst of this grotto we perceived a small opening, from whence springs a stream of the freshest water; this stream then finds its way through a hollow in the rock and spreads across the fields.

In the rivulet the mythic priestesses of Venus were wont to bathe themselves; their temple stood just over this ledge of rock. Every Greek who was famous, but more especially generals, were obliged to place a maiden as priestess in this temple. In the interior of the cave the fresh water spread a delicious coolness with which the soft plashing harmonized charmingly. The ground was covered with the finest sand, and from all the clefts of the rocks sprang fresh grass.

From the height where the temple once stood, the ground sinks insensibly on both sides into the form of a horseshoe, so that from the country the interior

of the cavern could not be seen, and only the view of the sea was to be enjoyed.

In the time of the Turks a Pasha built, on the spot where the temple stood, a palace, with steps conducting to the subterraneous chamber, which was used as a bath; now both the temple and bath have vanished before God's anger over the sinning town, and the gardens, temples, and theatre, together with the 300,000 inhabitants of ancient Corinth, have become dust and ashes. The present Corinth is not larger than a German village. When we returned, the beautiful Eulalia stood under the gateway, and bewitched us all with her glances. We took leave of her, thanked her for our entertainment, and mounting our horses rode towards Nauplia.

Professor G., however, did not follow our example, thinking it would be easier to go on on foot. However, when outside the town, with the help of several of us, he worked up upon his horse, we asserting that he only pretended the wish to walk,

that he might not be obliged to take his saddle by storm in sight of the bride of Corinth.

It was really a good thing that we were leaving Eulalia's vicinity, for the figure of this lovely magician had affected us all deeply. This time a greater number of *gens d'armes* accompanied us, because the rocky hollow through which we were to pass offered easy lurking-places to the robbers. When we arrived at Nauplia, we heard that the night before, a band of eighteen persons had been attacked and plundered in this narrow pass. Banditti in Greece are an understood thing. It appears that the morality of the Greeks is not raised by the ideas of king, fatherland, and brotherly love. Their own advantage is their guiding star. Even the marriages are not from affection, but in most cases bargains of convenience; and the reflection that you are committing a wrong upon another vanishes with them before the pleasure of filling their own pockets.

We had soon crossed the bad stony road leading

over the plain of Corinth, and when we arrived at the river, found ourselves in a narrow valley, which we did not leave again till we came to Nauplia. Every now and then the barren way was enlivened by groups of pines and oleander-bushes growing in the rivers' beds. We could easily understand how, behind these fields of rocks, these innumerable ascents and hollows, the robbers could play a most comfortable game! The smallest band could have fallen on our rear-guard, and, if it had been necessary, vanished without leaving any trace.

The commencement of this route was only to be compared to the Karstes. From time to time we found pickets of the militia stationed for our protection; we counted seven of them. The good people were dressed very poorly in the national dress, armed with long muskets, and looked so uninviting that we took the first picket for the bandits themselves.

Unfortunately we did not make acquaintance with any of these highwaymen, though many may

have slunk by us; but the *gens d'armes* spoiled their game. None of us would have minded a slight encounter, provided it had been without serious results. For our indemnification five large eagles hovered over our heads, and two of them were so obliging as to come so close that we could count every feather. These were the more suitable inhabitants of this stony desert. We hoped to be able to try our guns (which we had carried with us the whole journey) on one of these princes of the air, but before we could lay our hands on them they vanished out of the range of shot.

The heat had become so intolerable that I was obliged to quench my thirst at a romantic, choked-up mill-stream. The spots surrounding it were beautiful, but the water was brackish and muddy. At length the narrow valley opened, and the road sloped gently up the mountains. I was reminded forcibly of our own Alpine country, particularly near the damp fields of Gastein, but only at the spot where the vegetation ceases and the fresh meadows end.

Here it was we came across a herd of wild goats, whose long black hair, like a King Charles's dog, was picked out with tan. It would be worth the trouble to introduce this beautiful breed at home.

Towards the end of the valley we took our luncheon in the house of one of the *gens d'armes*, near a chapel. These unhappy men, commanded by a sergeant, are only relieved once in every six months,—an eternity in this neighbourhood! The greater part of the men had had the fever; the sergeant, a good-looking, pleasant young man, must have suffered severely from it. He received us with great courtesy, and wished much to make himself understood, which however he could not manage. His joy was great when Recorder K., with the help of the old Greek, read and translated the regulations written on the wall. His room, in which we breakfasted, was hung with a variety of little wood and steel engravings, proving the inhabitant to have had acquaintance with books.

The chapel, near the house, consisted, like all

small Greek churches, of four bare, square walls, from four to five feet high, through which was pierced a sort of hole for a door. On one side stands a small box, upon a stone painted with holy subjects, which answers for an alms-box. There must be a great reverence for religion amongst this robber-like people to prevent them touching such a prize, which was not fastened by the very slightest chain to the stone.

After a rest of nearly an hour, we set off again. An elevated mountain-chain stood straight before us. Our valley had again narrowed into a pass, and to the right of the river rocky crags were scattered everywhere. They were not, however, entirely void of vegetation, so that, though the landscape was wild, it was not so utterly dreary. The stream we had followed so long, appeared, in the vicinity of the mill, to spring out of the ground, which rich and well-watered spot, like an oasis in the desert, bloomed with the thick foliage of the pomegranates, fig-trees, vines, and tall reeds.

By the mill a number of small rivulets had their source. Olive-trees drooped their shadowy heads, and fowls pecked diligently at the fruitful ground. So shady and southerly did all appear that it made up to us for the stony way. We refreshed ourselves with the excellent water, and left the friendly oasis, which was surrounded with houses ruined during the war of freedom. This narrow pass was the scene of a frightful massacre. Thousands of Turks fell here by the revengeful sword of the Greeks.

Our road turned a little, and led among the mountains; the stream, which had its source at the mill, flows into the sea at Lepanto, whilst we followed another, beautifully fringed with bushes, that empties itself into the Gulf of Nauplia. We crossed this some twenty times, which proves the narrowness of the watershed. The most luxuriant vegetation surrounded this river, and near the source all traces of the wild, rocky scenery disappeared. We laughingly called it the Amphi-

tryon's bath, because it abounded in frogs and tortoises. These became particularly numerous where the pass widened again into a valley, and spread on each side a network of bush-grown fields.

When I asked Demetry why the people did not use these animals for food, he told me it was because they were held sacred. The English, however, are not kept back, through this belief, from lading their ships with them, to take them to old England as a preparation for the dainty turtle soup. As they can exist for a month without food, they are kept without it during the journey. We, also, took some with us; the little ones were not larger than the palm of the hand, but the biggest were above a foot in diameter. It was not very easy to catch these creatures, as, in spite of their unwieldy form, they can run pretty quickly.

The valley continued for several miles, until, about four o'clock, when we had become very tired, we saw a charming prospect. It was a beautiful

breezy afternoon. The sun gleamed in the blue ether, and threw clear shadows upon the plain from Napoli di Romania, which shone in bright colours. The chain of mountains, closing in the valley, ran to the left in artistic outlines, up to the clear mirror of the gulf, and terminated in the exquisitely-formed Palamides, which rose near the sea-town of Nauplia.

Each part of this crowned height was cut out against the blue background, and was covered by houses and large trees, on which played a lovely light. Just before us spread a fruitful plain, which reminded us of the fields of Lombardy. Trees, vineyards, and fields were blended here in the happiest confusion. To the right rose the proud Argos, whose strong castle rested upon a rock close to the mountain range.

The town of Argos itself lies at its foot. On that side of the gulf was a chain of hills in the distance, whose last offshoots formed the Cape of St. Angelo and the Cape Matapan. At our feet

was the mountain of Mycene, the former residence of Agamemnon; now it is a little ruinous place on a wild precipice. A rock hides the cave in which the son of Atrides is said to be buried; unfortunately we could not visit it, because the distance from Nauplia was so great.

In a house at the beginning of the plain which now lay before us, we found as an agreeable surprise, the Austrian consul, who told us he had been waiting for us for twenty-eight hours, with several carriages, and he had begun to fear that we, like our eighteen predecessors, had been attacked by robbers. The man was of Italian origin; he wore a blue parade frock-coat, and on his head was a cap, like those worn by naval officers, but provided with a monstrous leather brim.

His extraordinary gesticulations betrayed his nationality, and was confirmed by a marvellous readiness of speech. We heard afterwards that, besides the office of Consul, he practised as a physician. I shall ever be grateful to him for his

attention in bringing the carriages to meet us, for though we were obliged to dance up and down over stock and stone, it was a great comfort to be able to drive, after the bad saddles and tiring ride. We were in excellent humour, and amused ourselves with laughing over the little disagreeables of our situation.

My brother, Prince J., Baron R., and I, took one of these rickety shaky carriages. We packed ourselves closely together in the narrow space and started off at a mad gallop. The old horses stretched and racked their limbs, and our Hypolitus set them in motion with a long stick and fearful shrieks. If you imagine our conductor a slender, athletic Hellene, with the antique old god-like rays upon his lofty forehead, you are quite mistaken. He was scarcely four feet high, but made up for what he wanted in height by a monstrous fez, which he, unlike his countrymen, carried bolt upright like a Phrygian cap. A black cravat was laced round his neck, out of which a

shirt-collar equally strange to the national costume stuck up like blinkers; for the rest he was clothed in the fustanella, the spencer, and spatterdashes.

Baron K. tried to make him understand in Italian (which is the ordinary means of communication in the East) that he should not drive so carelessly over everything. He, however, continued to drag at his reins, and urge on his horses with his discordant howls. We soon discovered that he could neither see the horses nor the road over which we were leading this steeplechase, as the great brim of his cap stretched over his point of vision. Suddenly he raised himself, poked out his chin covered by a red beard, lifted the obtrusive brim with both hands, and looked down with astonishment on his horses; then he turned to us, and asked in German if we would like to drive slower. Baron K. assured him that this was our fondest wish! We now learned that he had picked up some German from the Bavarian soldiers, but since the emancipation from the German yoke and

from the hatred of foreigners, he appeared to have neglected his studies.

Just before the town, at the commencement of a beautiful avenue, we stopped to visit the ruins of the ancient Greek fortress of Tyrene. Its origin is lost in fables, and the walls appear the work of Cyclops. We could fancy ourselves rather in a pile of lava remains than in a building made by man, and the architect had paid due honour to the birthplace of Hercules.

But the day was beginning to decline, and we could not stay here either, as long as the interest of the place required. The above-mentioned avenue gave a civilized aspect to the entrance of Nauplia. We stopped at the gates, in order to wander through the town on foot; unhappily it was dark already. But the fortress appeared to surpass Patras in size and architecture, and bore the stamp of an Italian town, which, at Patras, is only traceable in the suburbs. The latter is, however, a much finer one, and more favoured by

nature. As the night did not allow us to study details, we permitted them to conduct us to the harbour, where a boat from our worthy 'Vulcan' took us on board.

Our feelings on entering the ship were as if, after a long separation, we had returned home. We rejoiced to tread once more the quarter deck, and then in the quiet night to collect our thoughts, in the little homely cabin, and pass in review the fresh and various pictures imprinted on our minds. You can nowhere meditate better than in just such a narrow room, between the heavens and the waters, and I should advise every philosopher to take up his dwelling in the corner of a ship.

In the poop-cabin where we usually took our meals, we found the most magnificent fruit, which the wife of the Consul had sent to the captain. A real marvel of nature was amongst this fruit, in the shape of a bunch of grapes, two feet long, which naturally reminded us of the wonderful specimen of Canaan, which had delighted the manna-fed

Hebrews as much as this did us. We hung it untasted to the ceiling of the cabin, so that its lower berries touched the table. When later in the evening we stepped on the deck, the moon shone in Southern magnificence, upon the gulf and its romantic shore, its beams danced lightly on the rippling waves, behind which, in the shadowy darkness of a Southern night, stood out the roofs and pinnacles of the town, and above all, like a gigantic watchman, rose the grey Palamides. In the middle of the silver mirror, washed by the gentle wave, stood, shining in the moonlight, the fortress of If, whose architecture and name betray its Turkish origin. Now its towers rising from the little ledge serve as a prison. It was like a scene from Sir Walter Scott's novels, and every moment I expected to hear the regular sound of the oars of a deliverer. But to-night the poor prisoners were obliged to sigh in vain; I think too, that we should scarcely have found any of these worthy of the title of a hero of romance.

Soon it was quieter than ever on the quarter-deck. Sleep spread its wings over the merry travellers; only at times we heard, half in a dream, the peaceful "All is well" from the watch of the night. It was broad daylight ere the company awoke, strengthened for fresh undertakings.

The morning was destined to be spent in visiting Nauplia. The town existed under the ancient Greeks, though it was without importance. It has to thank the creative spirit of the Venetian Republic for its magnificent fortifications, and over its gates prances the lion of St. Mark's, with its outstretched wings; it was wrung from Turkish hands by the Greeks. It was here that they greeted for the first time their new ruler, who resided for a while in a miserable house, in a small place of this town, and only in after years chose Athens as his capital.

We first visited the Arsenal; it stands upon the spot destined for it by the Venetians. As the

Greeks get all the necessaries of war from foreign countries, a few huts raised round the outer wall suffice for mending their injured weapons, and any other small work. The arrangements are in nowise remarkable, and this Arsenal is only interesting to those who sympathize in the rising struggles of this long-oppressed people.

As the commandant had had the goodness to lead us all over it and explain everything to us, Prince J., as a distinguished soldier, made some remarks that were very flattering to him. From this, we went through streets, which bore the Eastern stamp, towards the land gate of the fortress.

After a little time we found ourselves at the foot of the famed Palamides. The rock rises grandly from the bosom of the earth, only one side is joined to the mountain-chain. The colour varies from yellow to red; here and there grows the pulpy yellow-blossomed cactus, whose fruit is very much esteemed by the natives. Towards the seaside the marble steps, provided with a parapet and batteries,

led to the top of the fortress. Unfortunately, the weather became darker every moment, and at length a fine rain began to fall. This did not, however, stop us from climbing the six hundred and ninety-two steps that led into the interior of the eagle's nest.

A guard of Grecian chasseurs received us at the door. From the upper batteries we had a bird's-eye view of the town. This is situated at the base of the rocks, which spread out in a promontory that surrounds the gulf. The buildings appeared at this distance tolerably good for so thinly peopled a country. Before us was a narrow network of streets and squares, in which the busy inhabitants went to and fro. Churches, houses, groups of trees, —all appeared smaller than they were, encompassed by the mighty Venetian walls; and the plan of the town could not have been taken more clearly than as it appeared to us from the height of the Palamides. From the town to the plain, a narrow earthen causeway led between the sea

and the rocks, from which a second town, with cheerful houses, appeared to rest against the mountain.

At the foot of this new settlement stands a great crag of rock, in the side of which is hewn the colossal image of a wounded lion. It was placed there by King Louis, as a remembrance of the Bavarians who had fallen in Hellas. In the distance, through a light veil of fog, we saw Argos, and the rocky giant walls which we had left the day before by a narrow gateway. At the back of the Palamides rise still higher mountains, which are only separated from the interior of the fortress by a great moat hewn in the stone.

According to the new tactics, an outwork was obliged to be made upon this dominant height for the safety of the place; but here they fight man to man, as in the good old warfare of antiquity, and do not send destructive shots from afar. The Palamides was only fortified by the Venetians to secure the harbour. The interior of the place is

filled with dwelling-houses and barracks standing upon the most irregular ground.

The fearful disorder which reigns here is almost as remarkable as the great Venetian ruins. The soldiers look like stealers of poultry, and even the Commandant was rather wild and rough. After we had gone over the whole ground, with its bastions, heights, and hollows, we descended the six hundred and ninety-two steps, rendered slippery by the rain, and wandered through the streets of the town. The houses are almost all tall and narrow, and provided with a balcony on every floor. On the ground were open booths, that ran out into the dark narrow streets.

The tolerably numerous churches are built in the old Byzantine style, and a Catholic place of worship, of an unchurch-like appearance, was shown to us. The Consul told us that the Catholics in these towns were persecuted in every way. The Greek community spread the most ridiculous stories about them; they relate that the clergy stifle the dying

when administering extreme unction, and the inhabitants disturb their services whenever they can.

In one of the small squares we saw a tolerably well-sculptured marble sarcophagus, which contained the remains of Ipsalanti, and was erected to this hero by his brothers. The house and the square where King Otho lived are insignificant. Another of the houses, remaining from the time of the Turks, interested us more. It was only held together by a miracle. The pillars and trellis of the projecting balcony of the first floor (a kind of architecture we saw in perfection later at Smyrna) were rotten and crumbling, yet the appearance of these odd shapes and brilliant colouring was picturesque, and already realized my expectations; but how much more was my fancy excited when, from one of the narrow openings, I saw a beautiful lady looking out, clothed in a black European dress! A thin man, in an ordinary coat, stood behind her. From whence these

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dream-like appearances came remained unexplained. An English couple alone could have had the idea of burying themselves amidst these ruins!

Upon one of the walls of the fortress, immediately by the sea, stands a fine, three-hundred-years' old date palm-tree, whose imposing height, however, cannot display itself fully, because a great part of the slender stem is buried in the earth. At our desire to obtain some of the fruit which grew on the crown, a tall Greek, in ample blue trousers, climbed the tree with great celerity and distributed the green dates amongst the surrounding people; although the climate is so beautiful, the fruit was not quite ripe, and fell uselessly to the ground.

Close to the palm is a beautiful Turkish well in the wall of the fortress, with texts from the Koran, which the religious minds of the Mahometans place everywhere. We were constrained to admire their talent in finding beautiful situations

for the wells, such as this, at the foot of the palm-tree: the view of the gulf is so very fine. We returned to the quay, rowed on board the 'Vulcan' and said adieu to Napoli di Romania, in order to steer towards Piræus.

CHAPTER IV.

ATHENS.

14th September, 1850.

At five o'clock in the morning, I was awoke in my little cabin by the cry, "Athens is in sight." As with the crusaders, at the first view of Jerusalem, so it was with us,—all rushed to the upper deck of the ship, in order to greet the principal goal of our journey from afar. Curiosity and joy were depicted on every countenance, and the scrutinizing glance took in everything. The azure blue waves of the foaming sea played on the broad yellow shore, sometimes rising higher and sometimes on a level with the sea. The plain extended

without vegetation, but with some grandeur, until at length it was enclosed by a semicircle of sky-high mountains.

At the end of this plain we saw Athens, like a white dot. Behind this, the Hymettus, the Acropolis, and the other historically remarkable heights, and still further on, the Penthelicon. The view was by no means so fairy-like as that of Patras, but severe and bare. It was the picture of the past which stirred the remembrance of great events.

Our ship had approached the shore, upon which we were shown a heap of stones as the grave of Themistocles. Suddenly we turned and ran into a canal a few hundred feet broad, that wound through the low rocky shores, and showed no outlet until we arrived at a broad basin of water and entered the beautiful Piræus.

A semicircle of newly-built houses surrounds the harbour, in which anchored a tolerably large number of ships. Both on the quay and on the waters there is a bustle of life,—a sight which is very

pleasing, when one reflects, that only a few years ago, a few solitary houses stood on these shores, and the harbour was empty of ships. The suburbs are still barren and dead.

We found two French Lloyd steamers, and a French squadron, led by the frigate of an Admiral. As at Patras, we were again surrounded after we had anchored, by a great number of boats, with the single lateen sail, steered with great skill by one sailor, who turned it now to the right, now to the left, and shot along with the speed of an arrow. These pretty little vessels are ornaments to the harbour.

A boat was sent to ask permission to land, and we were then greeted by Count J., the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires. Soon after him appeared General G., the King's Chamberlain, accompanied by Captain M., a native of Trieste, who, during our stay at Athens, was appointed to attend us.

Both of these gentlemen invited us to take up

our abode in the King's Castle,—an invitation that we accepted with thanks. We therefore, after having a little arranged our dress, left the beloved 'Vulcan' for a few days. On the quay we were met by a carriage and four, belonging to the Queen. It was the first equipage we had seen for a long time. Modern blue liveries, great Mecklenburg horses, and an elegant barouche, did very well together; but made a strange contrast with the wild surroundings.

We sprang in, full of fiery enthusiasm, and upon soft feather-cushions drove along the famous road from Piræus to Athens,—a good broad way, which took us three-quarters of an hour. The fearful dust was our only annoyance. The town, since our entrance into Piræus, had vanished from our view, and it was only on quitting an olive-grove, through which we drove, that it again appeared in sight. This grove is famed throughout the country for its fruit and size; but this year it was in a bad condition, for the trees had suffered from the last

winter's severe cold, and they can only hope, in a few years, to see them again fully recovered. Every now and then we passed an inn by the road-side; before these, most interesting groups were to be seen; here, too, we met some trains of asses and mules, and even a few bad carriages. Near Piræus there are still remains of the ancient Greek fortifications of Athens. Vineyards and olives grow there. The thickets become thinner, and the impression is homely and grandiose at the same time. We went over a plain on which the famous battle with the Turks took place, and which is ornamented by a monument.

At last the town, so renowned in history, and about which fancy is busy with her many recollections, was to be seen. Above everything else, the eye is arrested by a mighty rock, bearing an unrivalled crown on its marble base, *i. e.* the Acropolis, with its richly columned temple and its hundred remembrances of the great past, proudly looking down; and as from the features of a man

we can trace his soul, so this speaks of the greatness of the times in which it rose.

In the plain to our right we saw, in its beautiful artistic symmetry, the temple of Theseus, whose yellow marble shone like dull gold. Before us lay the town, whose circumference is not very great; it is traversed by a long unpaved street, which ends with the palace, situated on an elevation. This street, which at the beginning was composed of miserable-looking houses, only assumes a more town-like and better appearance in the neighbourhood of the royal palace; but even its very entrance is adorned by a majestic palm-tree.

The metropolitan church, also, which is built in the Byzantine style, is remarkable for its typical appearance, and reminds one of the ancient Christian times. It rises scarcely twenty-four feet from the ground, and is of narrow circumference, contrasting strangely with the King's palace. Perhaps, as in Hebraic story, it is left to the successor of the first king to build a worthy temple to the Lord, whilst

the present ruler, like David, has only to care for his own shelter below. The houses are like those of Patras, only they are furnished somewhat more with the necessaries of cultivated life. The lower storey is chiefly employed for shops. Life becomes more and more bustling the nearer one approaches to the "*Grande Place*," in which the royal palace stands upon a height.

On the left side a Triestine has built a beautiful house in the Grecian style; the right side is unbuilt upon, and leaves open a view of the new part of the town, in which there are several very fair houses. In the distance the sea sparkles, and on a clear day the magnificent pillars of the Temple of Jupiter are reflected in it. In the "Place" itself, large regular plantations of cactus, aloes, and cypresses are laid out, in the middle of which a road leads to the broad marble steps of the Palace. Right and left are alleys with roads. These plantations are formed in unison with the architectural lines of the Palace, which stands there in the simple unadorned

Grecian style; the pure white marble of the country shining on the walls, windows, balconies, and terraces, takes the place of other ornaments.

The whole building is a long quadrangle in the part towards the town; a balcony, supported on Doric pillars, is over the entrance, and from this a magnificent marble staircase leads to the upper storey. Upon the side next to the sea is a terrace, also supported by pillars, which forms an open path to the level ground; from this broad steps lead down to the streets. On the other side lie the pleasure-gardens of the Queen, in all the luxuriance of Southern growth. Behind, towards the mountains, hangs again a balcony over the back entrance, with a descending winding staircase of bronze and marble.

As the outside of the palace is not ornamented, it has, unfortunately, from a distance rather the appearance of a barrack, which the richness of the material softens when you approach. In every case, however, it is much too large for the little

town, nay more, for the little country. One remarks immediately the governing spirit of King Louis of Bavaria, who did not regulate his buildings by necessity, but according to his ideas of what was suitable; so the Grecian kingdom, its capital, its court, and its dynasty, must grow to fill this Palace. The interior is magnificent; a lordly throne-room for the King, a similar one for the Queen, great dining-rooms painted in "fresco," enormous ball-rooms glittering with gilding, drawing-rooms and rooms for strangers, open upon the astonished eye. The whole is in excellent taste and fitted up with chandeliers and silver plate in the Grecian style. There is an attraction in these rooms, particularly in those of the Queen, from the feeling that here an amiable spirit presides, which surrounds not only the palace but the country by its influence. We only saw these beautiful apartments in the course of our stay, and were first conducted into the rooms appointed for us, where we awaited an audience of the Queen. The win-

dows opened upon the garden towards the sea, but a corner room afforded me also a view of the town and the Acropolis.

One can imagine nothing more interesting and beautiful than the look-out from these heights upon the picturesque surroundings, with their monuments. The clear atmosphere of the South renders every outline distinct and sharp, and it seems as if Nature had wished to show how noble forms, though unaccompanied by luxuriant plenty, and only crowned by works of art, can lay hold of the soul. These regions are to be compared to lofty beauties, whilst the lovely dales of our dear Germany produce a more homely, kindly impression. The Queen's garden is remarkable for the endeavour to unite southern and northern vegetation in beautiful groups, and makes an excellent foreground to the view, and a picturesque contrast to the light yellow bare outline which the sea bounds. After our luggage had arrived from Piræus, we dressed ourselves in

our uniforms, and were conducted to the Queen Regent.

The ladies of the Court stood in the tastefully-adorned throne-room. Here the companions of our journey remained. My brother and I were led into the next room, where the Queen received us in an elegant morning toilet. She is of middle height, and unites dignity and amiability in a rare degree. Her features express wit and strength of character. Her speech is amiable and "spirituelle," and rises to enthusiasm when the conversation relates to her dear Hellas. She is the true mother of her people; for only a mother can talk with so much interest of each peculiarity of her children.

The Queen enjoys—and deservedly so—the love of her people, and is received with enthusiasm wherever she goes. We heard her firm and prudent government spoken of with admiration in every quarter.

I should not have thought that a German princess, accustomed to the pleasant comforts of

her native land, could have so entered into the Grecian customs, or have spoken the language with such perfection. After a quarter of an hour's conversation the Queen took us into the throne-room and presented us to her ladies, and I, also, introduced my fellow-travellers.

The lady-chamberlain is one of the few Germans in high position at the Court. She does honour to her nation by her agreeable manners and lively wit. Besides her, the "Basilissa," as the Queen is called in this country, has two Greek ladies of the bed-chamber, Mademoiselle Photami M. and Mademoiselle Penelope L. These are dressed Grecian fashion, and confirm the far-famed beauty of their country-women. They spoke French tolerably well, and did not appear to be ill-educated. After inviting us for a ride at five o'clock, the Queen left us.

The rest of the courtiers were very insignificant, and I will only mention the chamberlain, General G., who, as in most courts, is a kind of factotum. He is one of the few in whom the King has entire

confidence, and in the fatal Revolution he showed his strength of character. The history of his past is somewhat obscure, and there are malicious stories afloat which describe him as having some taste for robber life. His exterior corresponds with this last supposition. He has a gloomy—somewhat lowering, countenance. His complexion and hair are extraordinarily dark, so that he gains much from the becoming Grecian attire.

At five o'clock we assembled in a small cabinet, looking towards the sea. The Queen descended the broad marble steps, and sprang with great agility on a Turkish horse which awaited her. We followed her example, and now dashed by the guards of the palace at full gallop, over the castle square, beneath a triumphal arch of myrtle prepared for the morrow's anniversary of the Revolution, down the long streets to the Theseum.

The Queen wished to give us a glimpse of all the curiosities of Athens. In the streets she was hailed with cries of joy, and everybody greeted

her with expressions of respect. The Queen on horseback is a truly pleasant agreeable sight. She rides splendidly, has a firm seat, and guides her horse at full gallop over places which many of our famous riders would scarcely pass at a foot's pace. The horses of the Grecian Court are mostly from the Asiatic mountains, and clatter like chamois over dizzy heights: when they cannot plant their hoofs firmly, they slide upon their hind legs down steep rocky flats without falling. The Queen makes her longest journeys on horseback, for an expedition in a carriage is never dreamed of.

The temple of Thescus is one of the best preserved monuments in Greece, and perhaps, one of the most beautiful of antiquity. It is tolerably large; all its pillars, the greater part of the inner wall, and the roof still exist. The marble of which it is built was formerly white, but through time and weather, had become stained of a beautiful yellow tint, which suited it well. The style is simple and pure. This work of art in particular,

is shown off by the open space in which it stands. Unfortunately, the traces of the unsparing Turkish bullets are to be seen on the walls and columns.

Amongst the metopes there are only a few bas-reliefs, and these not well preserved. It is supposed that they represent the deeds of Theseus. The inner room of the temple is entirely surrounded with walls, whilst, in the olden days, there existed but three. The fourth side was built, when this noble temple was used as a church by the Christians. After a time, all the church furniture was again cleared out, and the interior is now filled with treasures of art, dug up from the ground. On account of the want of space however, these are heaped carelessly one on the other. It seems incongruous to us, to see amidst the relics of the heathen gods and goddesses, the form of our Saviour. The principal entrance from the town side is now closed. In the side wall, lying towards the Acropolis, a door was opened by a Grecian archæologist, who received the Queen and ourselves.

We could only take a cursory glance at the treasures of the interior, but I will enumerate them later, after a more careful inspection. From hence we followed the Queen through the narrow back streets of Athens, between the most varied obstacles, and at full gallop, to the Temple of the Winds. It is built in an octagon shape, and of freestone, on which the winds are represented beneath the roof in a bas-relief. A single door leads into the interior, where there are no windows. The ground upon which this building stands has risen six feet in depth, which proved to us how choked up old Athens is. The ruins of an aqueduct led to this interesting temple, of which I shall also have an opportunity of speaking further on.

We now came to the so-called Lantern of Diogenes, really the monument of Lysicrates. It is a not very broad tower twelve feet high, whose roof, ornamented with beautiful but small bas-reliefs, rests upon four or five low columns. It may have been open to the air at some time. The

summit of the roof forms a bouquet-shaped knob, carved like dolphins. In the newly-built inner columned room there appears to have formerly existed a bust or statuette. The whole is very much ornamented, and the work fine.

From this our way led to the Areopagus and the Pnyx. These are great masses of rock in which we could still see the traces of steps. In this rock they show a prison-like cell, worked out in the stone—said to be the grave of Socrates, for which there is not the slightest foundation.

We looked at the market gate, a portico on four columns. It has gained this name wrongly, from a great stone which is placed near it, and on which in Hadrian's reign the market prices were carved. This was a custom in old times, and they are frequently to be found near gateways. We further visited the arch of Hadrian, the remains of the temple of Jupiter, the grave of Philopappus, and the spot where the gardens of Plato once were.

The colonnade of Hadrian consisted of six stand-

ing Roman pillars, before a freestone wall, against which rested buttresses uniting it to the other walls; a seventh column stood alone; it appears that the six others were originally furnished with statues. On the stone wall were the remains of a Christian fresco painting, for here also had been a church. Before the pillars a wall is built, and within this enclosed spot are collected some more antiquities which have been found.

The gate of Hadrian, in the neighbourhood of the temple of Jupiter, is a great wide arch, whose Roman origin is to be traced, and to which a second gate, supported on four columns, serves as a foundation. This beautiful work of art is thrown in the shade by the magnificence and size of the columns of the temple of Jupiter. Their height may be about one hundred and twenty feet, and the circumference exceeds the height: in spite of these dimensions, they have a beautiful and perfect regularity. There are fifteen. Twelve of these stand in a group together,

whilst three stand a little distance off. The larger group is only bound together by occasional great stones, otherwise there is nothing left of the roof.

Upon one of the capitals of the pillars are to be seen the remains of a stone hut which served as a dwelling to a fanatical ascetic Dervish for twenty years, during which time he never descended upon earth, but remained like a stork perched in those high regions, and drew up his frugal meal by means of a rope. At his feet, meanwhile, events were following one another, and the old gentleman must have been a little surprised when the victorious rajahs—the companions of his fate, disappeared, and he remained as the solitary servant of the Crescent in Athens—the only voice of the Prophet in the wilderness.

The appearance of the temple of Jupiter must have been marvellous. In the neighbourhood of the rocks is a stream in which Calliope, the beautiful Muse, was wont to bathe; therefore this wildly

romantic water is called after her name. The antique loveliness of the place has vanished, and there exist now only the bare rocks between which the water flows.

The monument of Philopappus lies upon a high hill, some distance from the town, and near the sea. It is an umbrella-like, somewhat crumbled, wall of freestone, on the lower side of which is found a very much injured bas-relief representing the triumphal procession of a Roman Emperor. Over these are columns between which are sitting figures much mutilated.

The height upon which this building stands is called the mountain of Musæus, and is named after this Grecian poet. From the garden of Plato, on the opposite side, one sees more of the raised place, which is crowned by a small chapel.

Between the vineyards and the promenade of Athens—a broad avenue with very weakly-looking trees, we came back after sunset to the palace, and after a marvellously speedy toilet of the ladies, we

assembled to eat our dinner. All the ministers and the officers of the Court were round the table. The Queen was gracious enough to present to me all the ministers of the state.

A few of these gentlemen had an European air, and were able to speak either French or Italian, which was a great comfort to me, for I hate making myself understood through an interpreter. One is always taken in in this kind of conversation, and cannot tell how the spirit of the words is rendered in the other language. But with the minister of the interior, father of the beautiful Eulalia, of Corinth, I was obliged to bring in the help of another person.

This gentleman wore the ordinary costume of the country, and is of an advanced age. His hand appeared to me more fitted to wield the sword or the plough, than the pen of an administrator. But in the primitive condition of the country the rough nature may be the best. It would, however, be a good thing if the sheathed sword of the

Palikaren were drawn again to free the land from the banditti. But where, then, would be the last remnants of romance? Greece, without robbers, would be Switzerland without mountains!

It is so pleasant when one returns home, to be able to relate at the social tea-table that one has wandered through the most frightful regions, and seen the rocks down which the blood of the unlucky victims has trickled! So long as a personal acquaintance has not been made with these heroes of romance, the race of travellers is egotistical enough to take a secret pleasure and shudder of delight in wandering over the ill-famed neighbourhood. Therefore, let us leave cobwebs over the rusty swords, and thank the Government for the preservation, past and future, of the robber bands! Perhaps even one of the dignified men who sat at table might furnish materials for a romance of the Klephts.

The dinner was served quickly and elegantly, the food was excellent, and our appetite equally so

after the long ride. Upon the walls of the dining-room fruits, game, and fish were painted in arabesque. After dinner our amiable hostess left us, and we were able to enjoy a refreshing repose.

The following day was Sunday, and we had an opportunity of hearing Mass in the King's chapel at eight o'clock. Immediately after the Latin service, everything that had served for the observances of our Church was moved away, and the Queen's pastor with his simple rites stepped in. Sometimes, on public festivals, the royal pair attend the Greek Church.

In order to know the customs of a country, and particularly those of a town, nothing better can be wished for than the celebration of a public feast. This fell to our lot to-day.

On the 16th of September (though according to the Greek calendar it is on the 3rd), Young Hellas keeps the anniversary of the Revolution on that day. When we went into the principal streets from the palace, the Queen had already driven through

the triumphal arch of myrtle and had reached the cathedral, where a solemn prayer was the chief object of the feast. The streets were lined with rows of Grecian troops. Their aspect was unmilitary; we saw in them how the dress of European soldiers had cramped the free movements of this people. The stiff stocks, the round adorned shako, gave a sickly look to the sons of the Southern mountains. A man who is accustomed to the fluttering jerkin and the folded fustanella, must feel very uncomfortable, beneath the Grecian sun, in the buttoned-up cloth coat and the long inexpressibles.

Thus the youths of Hellas are abandoning the picturesque costume of their country, in order to turn themselves into Marionettes, and become more like our national guard. Yet European civilization requires this, and the enthusiastic admirer of beauty in the nineteenth century must be silent.

The battalion, in the national dress, looked very beautiful and warlike, and carried its colours with

the same magnificence as the troops we had already admired at Patras.

The people circulated in a merry crowd between the ranks, sometimes in European dresses, sometimes in their own bright colours. The balconies were adorned most beautifully, and here we saw matrons and maidens most gorgeously attired. From their sparkling eyes and regular features we could easily recognize the mixture of southern Sclavonic and ancient Greek blood. Amongst the costumes of the women, those of the Hydriots were new to us. Instead of the red fez, the charming islanders wore a thin gauzy veil, which fell in artistic folds over their heads, necks, and bosoms. The dresses are, like those of their sisters on the continent, made out of brilliant-coloured silk stuffs.

In spite of the importance of the day, people were very quiet. No enthusiastic hurrahs, not even any curiosity for sight-seeing was to be remarked. It seemed rather as if the people only came from habit.

After we had contemplated the cheerful glitter of the houses, heightened by the glowing sun, we betook ourselves to a cathedral, suitable in size to a lilliputian capital.

At the door a rush of hot air met us, and our ears were greeted with the monotonous song of the Greek priests.

In the midst of these latter sat the Archimandrite, a worthy figure of past times, with a wavy snow-white beard.

On the right side of the church, before a throne-chair, stood the Queen-Regent, like a marble statue, in rich fur-trimmed habiliments. There was something artistic in the fancy of this dress, and it was cut in an Oriental pattern.

As we had taken up our place just opposite the columned arches of a somewhat raised dais, we could contemplate the dignified lady at our leisure. Her figure swam in a gold sea of rich embroidery; from her dark-brown hair sparkled diamonds; her neck was also covered with these stones; but the

expression of her countenance and her whole bearing was cold and immovable,—there was an expression almost of displeasure on her usually amiable cheerful features. The poor lady may well have thought how her rising throne, a few years before, had been branded on this horrible 3rd of September. She could picture in recollection the image of the screaming mob and the yielding counsellors, and now she was obliged to pray for the preservation of institutions which had plunged her beloved Hellas in confusion. She was pressing her lips firmly together, instead of opening them in prayer.

At the end of the hymn we left the gloomy vault, that we might see the Queen drive by. I had thought that on this occasion there would have been a characteristic, if not a magnificent, procession, instead of which two Bavarian carriages and four drove past, in which the Queen, with a part of her suite, was almost lost from sight. A few single richly-dressed adjutants and a troop of

lancers surrounded the carriage, and they all disappeared rapidly from the curious gaze.

The Queen took off her oppressive robes, and we then assembled for breakfast in a garden pavilion. It consisted of a wooden trellis with a light roof, and is raised over a fine mosaic, dug out of that very spot, and said to be the largest known. It is extraordinarily well preserved, and appears, from the arabesque and the form, to have been found in an ancient bath-room. As we sat down to an excellent breakfast, the Queen remarked that the number was thirteen. A small table was immediately prepared in a corner of the pavilion, and the poor adjutant, who had been appointed as our attendant, was obliged to sit down to it. This comical behaviour may be excused in this ordinarily sensible Queen for two reasons. Firstly, the Grecian people are so extraordinarily superstitious, it is not advisable to set yourself openly against these peculiarities. Secondly, a few years previously, a remarkable accident had happened at the court.

There were thirteen at dinner one day, and a short time afterwards one who had been of the circle at table died. A few days later, the company were again assembled, and there was the same ominous number. A young Englishman, who had been present at both meals, wondered, jokingly, who would be the victim this time. A short time after the young Briton was a corpse.

After luncheon, the Queen ordered a little pony-carriage to be brought round, in which she drove out myself and my brother, and gave us an opportunity of admiring her talent as a whip. The rest of the company followed on foot.

We were shown a small menagerie consisting of deer and gazelles. The Queen drove us to this through her garden, which is her greatest pleasure and pride. She laughingly calls it her little kingdom. Before she undertook the government of the larger one, this Athenian El Dorado was her principal amusement; now, unfortunately, the garden has had to suffer by the weightier matters of

business. The grounds are laid out in English taste, German plants are raised and nursed with care between the palms and orange trees of the country.

The view from some parts over the remains of old Greek art is very fine, and could not well be more beautiful. All that is wanting are shady spots and green lawns, in order to make the garden perfect. The first fault will be rectified by time, for the whole has only been made a few years. On the higher ground there already stands a group of trees, under whose shadow the royal couple are wont to breakfast. For the second deficiency there is less hope,—the rays of the sun are too powerful to permit the luxuriant growth of the grass. In Athens however, this garden is a wonder,—it is the only point where the fresh green of foliage and a variety of blooming flowers are to be seen.

For us, who came from a cooler land, the growths of the South were particularly interesting. The multitude of feathery palms and the fleshy aloes

were new to us. These last-named plants look particularly well, springing out of the snow-white marble vases standing on the broad, even steps which lead from the left side of the palace down from terrace to terrace, into the garden. The first terrace, being broader than the others, is reserved for a promenade under colonnades. The second lies somewhat lower, and is laid out with very beautiful beds of flowers between orange trees. These, however, suffered so severely in the last winter from the cold, that they were obliged to be cut down to the ground; but the Southern growth is so quick and strong that they have already reached the height of from four to five feet. The crop, notwithstanding, is delayed for several years. The garden is of a fair size, and a few very beautiful antiquities have been found during its construction, which are kept in one part. A few years ago they lighted upon a well-preserved, ancient aqueduct, which they now use to bring the water necessary for the plants. They also believe they have found the place where

Socrates used to teach. The course of centuries converts the school-place of the ancient philosopher into an English park!

As the glowing mid-day sun soon drove us out of the gardens, it was proposed to us to visit the King and Queen's apartments. These united magnificence with comfort, and I found many clever ideas, and pretty fresco paintings among the Greek ornaments; but everywhere Munich taste shone conspicuous; and indeed, in this hot climate, this manner of building is of great use.

In the King's studio, under the ceiling, we saw the famous men of old Greece. In one corner stood a plaster cast of the Apollo of Belvedere, as a specimen of ancient art. In another room we saw busts of the heroes of modern Grecian history. On the walls hung two great oil paintings by the Munich painter Hesz, representing the entrance of the King into Nauplia and Athens. The pictures are powerfully executed, and contain many of the interesting portraits of the country. In this room

there are, as yet, no specimens of modern native art, and it would be difficult now in Greece to find such.

The broad steps which lead to this room are, as has already been mentioned, adorned with bronze and white marble from Penthelicon—a noble work. These stone steps are fixed so firmly that the double staircase along the wall is without supporting columns. The Queen related to us, that it required a long time, and a great deal of trouble before they could find blocks of marble so entirely without flaw, as to be able to venture upon this masterpiece. This truly magnificent flight of steps leads into a hall immediately by the great entrance in the middle of the palace. The most beautiful rooms of the building are undoubtedly the two great ball-rooms in the *entresol.* They reach through all the storeys to the top of the castle. The principal colour is red, adorned with rich gold ornaments. The furniture corresponds with the walls and the ceiling, and is so

placed that there still remains room for dancing. A painter was just busied filling the upper part of one of the rooms with mythological figures. When the heavy chandelier, and rich walls glow in a thousand coloured lights, and the beautiful embroidered oriental dresses move to and fro to the melody of the dance, the sight must be truly fairy-like.

These feasts are famed among all strangers as very splendid and tasteful. Whether these festivities are consistent with the customs and the revenues of the country, I do not presume to judge. From good authority I was assured that the Grecian people loved the munificence and glitter of the throne.

The Queen, who showed us the curiosities of her country, in such a graceful, amiable manner, invited us that afternoon to take a drive to the far-famed Eleusis. The whole company were distributed in two roomy comfortable carriages, and so we rolled from the castle through a low part of

the town, and soon reached the sacred road which, in the time of the ancient Greeks, led to the Temple of the Unknown God.

At first we drove through olive-trees and vineyards, but soon came to a romantic wild desert, and had to pass through a narrow valley to reach the other side of the mountain chain, where lies the placid bosom of the sea, and at the end of the valley was Eleusis. To the right and left of the road were scattered large pieces of rock, here and there were groups of pines, whose summits were crowned with a lovelier green than the foliage of our trees.

Except several slow crawling tortoises, we saw no signs of animal life, but in the middle of the desert we came upon the ruined nunnery of Daphne. A small part of the strong European outer walls of the Church and the miserable huts of the nuns are still standing. Originally a castle was built here by the family Laroche, of the Dukes of Athens. The descendants of Laroche still exist in Bavaria.

The walls exhibit distinctly a Southern architecture. Afterwards the castle was turned into a convent, and a church was built still later in the Byzantine style. In the cupola is a large mosaic—a head of our Saviour of a typical nature. As the church is devoted to the Greek service, a gilt screen is naturally to be seen between the congregation and the altar. The long thick candles, in tall upright candlesticks, throw a dim light on the great Testaments, lying open on separate desks, and upon the walls black with smoke.

The quiet and calm of the House of God gave a solemn air to the whole. In a side chapel there are still some monuments on which the arms of the Laroches are carved on the marble. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Athens, one finds the histories of all periods immortalized by the most remarkable recollections.

In the court of the convent there are still to be seen some remains of Gothic ornamentation. The walls are so massive, that it looks as if these Dukes

had not felt themselves very secure. We had scarcely climbed round the ruined walls when some life began to appear in the shape of several black horrible witch-like figures, clothed in a few rags with tangled grey hair and withered limbs. They belonged entirely to the bygone ages of the inanimate ruins around us. Cauldrons and brooms were all that were wanting to complete the picture. These were the pious Sisters of Daphne, who were just in the act of strewing Turkish maize and other grain on the floor to dry. About their holiness there is not very much to be said, at least such is the opinion of the Archbishop of Athens, their spiritual Superior. In every case their appearance is not only repulsive, but unseemly, and they appear to be rather a troup of beggars than nuns. We left the ruins after these black hobgoblins had kissed the Queen's gracious hands, screeching blessings.

We were soon at the end of the valley, and our eyes rested with pleasure upon the sea, the village of Eleusis and the high beautifully-formed moun-

tains. We could now see traces of a second road cleft in the rocks, for the path lies on a narrow shelf between the sea and the high rocks. It is observable, here, as in the Acropolis, and many other places in Greece, that the ancients cut ruts in the stone, and that the wheels, which were all of the same breadth, ran in these, so that the horses were obliged to go along on the bare rocks. Still more interesting than these remains of the road, are the soft-water lakes, which are just to the right of the track, whilst on the left it is washed by the waves of the sea. These small lakes are also of ancient date, their depth is not greater than five feet, they lie rather higher than the sea into which they flow down under the road. This is only separated from the sea by a very low wall. It appears that the object of these lakes was the preservation of fish; the supply comes probably from subterraneous sources.

At the entrance of Eleusis the Queen stopped, and we got out. We first visited an extraordinarily

low Greek chapel, which was built out of the ruins of the famous Temple of the "Unknown God." In the interior of this we found several pieces of old statues and inscriptions of great interest for any archeologist who understood these characters.

As we were busy admiring these ruins of former times, the inhabitants of the village above us streamed down and surrounded the beloved Basilissa, who greeted them with kindly words in the soft Grecian tongue. It is a charming custom of the royal pair to show themselves amongst their villagers. The whole crowd go out to meet them, rejoicing, and letting their cries of "Zito" be heard in the air.

The inhabitants of this place, particularly the women, were dressed quite differently from those near Athens; I might say more poetically and tastefully. They wear long, dark-coloured dresses, and over these a white cloak, with black tassels, hangs down to their knees. Their bodices are richly embroidered. Their heads and necks are hidden by a

white veil, long twists of which hang over their shoulders down to the ground. The abundance of their hair is the pride of these women. They help themselves artfully by twisting brown wool in it. The maidens wear, instead of the veil, their dowry on their heads, consisting of a helmet-sort of cap, with a band and tassel composed of silver and gold coins, often a very interesting little collection. Turkish, Grecian, Austrian and Spanish gold pieces are to be found in every variety. This very original headdress, however, becomes the serious Oriental cast of features very well. A great number of the women wear golden rings with the most beautiful antique cameos, which they find in the fields between the clods of earth.

We wandered now, followed by the whole crowd, on the rocky hill which formed the foundation of the temple. Only a few ruined walls and pieces of marble pillars are now to be found of the famous sanctuary, in which the Eleusinian Mysteries were celebrated, and one forms the wish that Ceres

might come again to this neighbourhood and seek her children, and, if she should come, that for a second time might be sung—

" Und auf ihrem Pfad begrüsste
Irrend nach des Kindes Spur,
Ceres die verlass'né Küste;
Ach! da grünte keine Flur!
Dass sie hier vertraulich weile,
Ist kein Obdach ihr gewährt;
Keines Tempels keine Säule
Zeuget dass man Götter ehrt."

So the hand of time passes over the most famous objects: and often the poem of Rückart has come into my mind in Greece, which tells of the valley where there first existed a town, then a heap of ruins, fields and sea, and lastly, a town again. It was a painful thought to us the Youth of modern times, whilst scrambling over the broken stones, put together long ago with great labour by the most civilized people of the world, in order to create a *chef-d'œuvre* for eternity, to reflect that here the Youth of ancient times once celebrated the mystic rites of Ceres!

We were now conducted to two houses of the inhabitants of the country, in which we saw the most magnificent mosaics, representing children at play and the wallowing of swine. Over one of these runs the wall of the house. Thus these fine works were given up to destruction by ignorant men, though with the slightest care they might have been preserved. Unhappily, the King, who has the best possible will to preserve these treasures, has not the power to command that this wish should be carried out.

As we left the second house, the women and maidens of Eleusis formed a semicircle before the Queen, and began to sing, to a rather monotonous melody, a hastily improvised song, to which, holding their arms crossed, they danced a solemn swinging dance. Slowly they bowed themselves, with one step forwards, and then two small steps backwards, and after each verse they knocked with the heel of their sandals upon the hard ground. In this dance we recognized the customs of the old

Hellenes, as we see them represented upon the vases of ancient Greece, and an interesting, beautiful sight it was. The Queen told me that the song related to her presence. In the first words they expressed their joy that we strangers brought news of the approaching arrival of the King; in the second, the Basilissa was compared to an orange-tree, at whose feet a fresh stream sprang. The people seem to have a peculiar facility in these improvisations.

Another ancient Greek pier stretched into the sea at the foot of the little town. It is distinguished by its peculiarly large freestones. The Queen invited us to take some refreshment, which proposition we thankfully accepted. It was a *goûter champêtre.* They hastily brought a miserable table and a few camp-stools. A box, which contained the much-desired provisions, was opened, and we employed ourselves with the cold meat, eggs, and wine, particularly that of the world-renowned Eleusis. Thus it is with human beings:

mind, heart, and stomach are, unfortunately, a necessary triumvirate, which, in this poor life on earth, can never be separated!

After the short meal, the men of Eleusis, not wishing to be outdone by their wives, led another dance similar to that of the women, only more lively and wild. The best dancer of the district led the maze, and made very droll high leaps, similar to those of a chamois, and reminding one of the ancient Bacchanalian demeanour. After we had admired this for some time, the Queen collected round her the children of the village, asked them a few questions in a pleasant tone, and divided amongst them the eggs that were left over from the meal. It was a pretty picture to see the tender woman amidst the fresh noisy children. All pressed around her. Each wished to have a gift. The boisterous she waved mildly back with her hand, but amongst the more modest she divided them cheerfully. What a screaming and jubilee it was! She knows well how to win the hearts of

her people by the simplest means. The whole population, young and old, dashed after the carriage, and the Queen left the interesting spot, amidst loudly resounding cries of joy. "Zito Basilissa!" the more enthusiastic of the youths ran shouting after her for some time. It is easily to be seen that it is the Queen who supports the newly-established throne of Greece, by her personal influence over the affections of her people.

As we drove through the vineyards, the few inhabitants threw into the carriage the finest grapes they possessed, which were accepted gratefully; and this sign of affection was not, as with us, rewarded with gold. The friendly nod of the Queen was the peasant's highest reward. The people in Greece are thorough royalists, and know the value of princely protection and graciousness, without the need of proving it to them by payment.

Late in the evening we returned to Athens by the brilliant starlight.

The following morning we took breakfast in our rooms, and at nine o'clock were taken to the King's stables; they are roomy and clean, and contain a beautiful collection of Oriental horses. The finest of these were led out in the court before us. The King and Queen are very fond of riding lively animals. It is thought *bon ton* in Greece that the horses should be very frisky in starting, in order to show off the riding of the King to the astonished people. The stud is taken care of by a former Bavarian officer, who appears to understand the art of riding very well. From hence we betook ourselves to the newly-built University, which is in the old Grecian style. The large, not yet finished, room is supported by beautiful pillars of white marble. The whole institution is only just commenced; but they are endeavouring to perfect it; and the library, which consists chiefly of presents from the Continent and strangers, is not without importance. From this spark of new life we went back to the centre of old magnificence and grandeur

—to the proud rock-built Acropolis, which surpasses everything we have yet seen of ancient art.

From the foot of the height to the gate of the outer wall the road goes over bare earth-embankments; and it is, as usual in modern Greece, very bad. We were obliged to work our way through the dust with a great deal of trouble to where, before destructive Time had done his work, the ancient Greek mounted the marble steps to the seat of the gods. In the distance, the proud Propylæum beamed on the worshippers of the sublime Minerva like a temple of the Sun in the blue ether. Zealously he winged his upward steps, and soon found himself in a wilderness of pillars, in which the works of a Phidias, like pearls of human art, gave him at once enthusiasm for his divinity, and admiration of the skill of man. He would contemplate the mild, serious features of the goddess, formed from the neighbouring stone-quarry of Penthelicon, whom his poetical mind had converted into his protectress. No still earnest prayers

of reverence and devotion to the highest Being could pass these lips. In their place shouts of joy were required at the bringing the flower-crowned sacrifice, which was the expression of the poetic enjoyment of nature; it had, however, its end in self-praise. A Christian's awe for the great Creator of the world was only produced then—by God's incomprehensible phenomena of nature, and by death! The Acropolis was a diadem, with which proud humanity had decked its own glorious head; but this crown wanted the pure blessing of Redemption; the glitter of this vain ornament was destroyed, and the sensual spirit vanished before the thorns and crown of the Saviour. In this frame of mind the disciples united their artistic powers to decorate the cathedrals (instead of the pearls and jewels of ancient time) with the simple emblem of the crucifix. The glitter disappeared, the pearls were scattered by the flight of time; and yet one recognizes, by the remains, that the minds who created these works must have been great and sublime. In the

ruins there still lies a poetical charm—an irresistible power—which even flatters the self-love of a Christian of the nineteenth century. The soul is involuntarily filled with pride at the thought that these works were raised by men of like flesh and blood; and, as we are not reminded by seeing the attributes of heathen worship in the broad quiet space, fancy has free play, and even Christian minds can rejoice in the monuments of old Hellas.

We entered the gate of the outer wall. After we had pressed through it we came to a small watch-house, which, unfortunately, is partly built out of the remains of the art treasures. To the right and left lay fallen stones, broken columns, and we passed through a door-like opening in the wall, within the boundaries of the magnificent Propylæum. Even to this very day, the mighty steps are traceable which were said to have reached to the sea. On each side rose gigantic columns, which formed several entrance-halls to the real sanctuaries. In the marble floor grooves had been cut in

such a manner that formerly they must have driven their chariots between the steps.

The rows of columns are separated from the interior of the Acropolis by great walls of free-stone. In the middle is to be found a threefold entrance. To the right of the Propylæum, upon a projecting rock, stands the decorated Temple of Victory, to which we directed our attention for the first time. Its dimensions are very exact, and in perfect symmetry. Four walls, adorned with Doric columns, formed the building, on one side of which a beautiful dome leads into the interior. Around the cornice run beautifully-sculptured bas-reliefs, on a very small scale. Owing to the open situation of the temple, its background is the pure ether; and, being built in such small proportions, which of late have been restored, it has something extremely attractive about it. In the interior, leaning against the wall, we found a particularly fine bas-relief of the goddess Victory. The Athenians, in order to make sure of success, not only built

this monument in her honour, but called it the Temple of the "Wingless Victory," meaning, that victory could not then leave them.

We afterwards turned to the left side of Propylæum, where we found, on a crag of rock, a large apartment in which the Dukes of Athens dwelt in the middle ages.

Now this room and the space immediately adjoining are used as a museum for the antiquities dug out of the ground. Here are piled up stone hands, feet, arms, and heads. Only a few of these were of great importance; but how gladly would we have taken the smallest bit of the most worthless statue as a remembrance! This, however, as is natural, is strictly forbidden, for Greece has already been greatly robbed of its most beautiful statues and vases by European lovers of art. A few members of our company, notwithstanding, contrived to conceal small marble bits of the pillars or wall, as a remembrance of the historical place.

What a pity it is that the Grecian government is

in want of money, and the nation in want of love for art! otherwise all these treasures and the antiquities scattered in various parts might be collected and systematically arranged in a museum built for the purpose. Thus at least the shadows of the magnificent monuments of ancient Greece would be restored to us. One raises a clod, looks between the rubbish of centuries, and the form of a beautiful torso appears. Athens and Europe rejoice over the great discovery, and the torso keeps its gloomy place of honour amongst the other broken fragments. Wonderful stories are told of the newly discovered masterpiece, it is ascribed to a Phidias, it is praised in the art journals. The bad counterfeit in copper astonishes the gaze of the curious outer world, whilst in the immediate neighbourhood of the headless trunk the already long-found hands and feet are shown to astonished travellers as unmeaning fragments. Could not a skilful artist collect these various limbs, and unite them as a perfect statue of a bygone century, or,

inspired by these beautiful models, produce this or that small portion that is wanting? Or could not a clever architect throw himself into the spirit of these old works, and put together, with the correct eye of an artist, the various scattered fragments of pillars, and construct them into a whole? Unhappily, the means are wanting for such a great undertaking; and till now only a few small experiments have been made, whose success, nevertheless, gives proof how great would be the reward of this magnificent, though difficult work.

We wondered to see the richly-draped statue of a goddess, dislodged from her exalted position, resting on the Acropolis, whilst her lovely head, dug out of the plain, was, perhaps, shown in the Temple of Theseus; yet this may have come to pass in a very natural, although barbarous manner. The cruel Turk found this figure upon the long-besieged castle walls; no inspiration seized him when contemplating it; he had only drawn the sword of the Prophet for purposes of destruction, and

the iron hand of the barbarian soon did its work. The head which Phidias had inspired with life, and which, through his chisel, had attained eternal fame, was dashed from the dazzling neck, and rolled, with shouts of victory, over the rocks and plains of the conquered country. But these sacrifices to barbarism were not confined to the sons of Mahomet; the knights of Christian states knew how to take part in such amusements. It would be the duty, now, of the lovers of Art in the nineteenth century to collect the scattered members of these gods, and bring them once more to the spot of their old fame, as offerings to their respective Muses. Yet this does not happen, and will not happen; so the history of bygone ages teaches us.

Each period has its peculiar star in art, which attracts the admiration of mankind. The lesson given us by time is, therefore, that these works are destroyed, and their ruins left to posterity, in order that future generations may conceive, learn, and create for themselves.

Through the doors of the Propylæum we stepped into a space strewn with stones—the peculiarly consecrated abode of the old gods. Here we found the great pedestal, marking the spot upon which the famed Minerva had once stood. Here was to be distinguished the temple of Erecthea; here, the great masterpiece of Grecian architecture—the richly-columned gigantic Parthenon, in which Phidias had once enthroned his Zeus formed of gold and ivory. To the left, on quitting the Parthenon, a number of exquisitely beautiful bas-reliefs, taken from the metopes of the Parthenon, rest against a wall of freestone. They represent a triumphal military procession, in which the most marvellous figures are to be discovered; they are among the finest productions of ancient art. Yet the principal treasures amongst these bas-reliefs Lord Elgin, the representative of his merchant nation, has taken to London to the British Museum; but, in gratitude for the successful robbery, he has built poor Athens a miserable clock-tower! As far as the

great claws of the leopard stretch, so far he inflicts wounds, in order to reach the heart's blood; and the spoils in his den at home show that the leopard's claws are long!

Our feelings of enthusiasm increased as we approached the sublime Parthenon. The façade is still tolerably well preserved, and gives a great many outlines and points to fancy, from which she can easily fill in the whole of the noble old picture. A broad colonnade, in the most simple grandiose style, surrounds the temple, which is both closed in and decorated with pillars. The pediment of the temple is, unhappily, greatly damaged; and there are only to be seen two headless, armless figures, which must once have formed part of a marble group. A few broken traces of the metopes are to be seen between the roof and the columns. So elegant and small are the dimensions of the temple of Victory, so majestic and large are they in these works of ancient art; yet both stand alike charming in architectural harmony. An irresistible charm

exists in these marble ruins; the works have been planned by a thoughtful mind, and executed with spirit. One riddle remains unsolved by us, viz. how the ancients had the strength and the means to pile those great masses of stone on each other. Yes! those great artists made such architectural calculations as we are not accustomed to think of, such as our poor weak age dares not contemplate. Thus they managed to protect their wonderful buildings, made of colossal stones uncemented by mortar, from the numerous earthquakes of the South, by giving to all the pillars a somewhat sharp inclination to the interior of the temple, so that the cross-stones, propped up against each other, gave a support to the whole. In this way they gave to the bases of the Parthenon a leaning direction towards the centre, producing an optical illusion, and making these noble buildings appear larger. For the figure of Zeus no better work could have been chosen as an abode for the god, for it expresses, at the same time, the gravity and

the greatness of the thunder-god, and his poetical aspect as an admirer of the nymphs. We went into the interior. Where was once the roof, the clearest light now streams from the blue ether through the Penthelicon marble, yellow-stained by time. The roof itself, to which rose the smoke of the offerings, now lies scattered in pieces on the ground, where formerly ran the blood of the beasts that were sacrificed. Of the richly-adorned dweller in this old marble fortress, the Zeus of Phidias, there are no longer any traces. The golden hair and mantle have served somewhere to fill the sack of the robber. In the interior they have placed two old marble thrones, dug out of the earth.

Here the King and Queen sit at the archæological feasts which are celebrated. We thought of ourselves as in the times of the Athenian people, when at the fall of Creon they sent away their kings. Professor K., however, seated himself, with enthusiastic admiration for the ancients, on the King's throne, and now the long-cherished wish

of our company was fulfilled. We had kept with great care, from the beginning of the journey, a flask of Austrian wine, which was now brought out, and its contents emptied in a toast for the Fatherland. Southern customs were blended with northern. Recorder K. sat like a bard of the old German times, his grey locks playing in the wind, upon the marble throne. We formed a circle around him, whereupon, in the inspiration of the moment, he broke out into an oration, with a clear resounding voice, and greeted the Fatherland. We listened to his words with enthusiasm and emotion. It was a poetical moment, rendered so by the love of home, and yet more exciting from the surroundings. We had fulfilled our purpose of drinking the fruit of home vineyards, on the strongest fortification in Attica, whilst we should think with love of our beloved country. Before we put the juice of the wholesome Austrian grapes to our lips, I offered a libation to the mythological gods, whose wonderful art forms had once peopled

these rooms, in presence of the remains of the old heroes, on the stone in front of the throne, according to old usage. Then each one took a mighty draught; and I, to prevent future profanation, dashed the flask on the marble. The Grecian officers, who accompanied us, looked at this scene with astonishment; when it was explained to them they stooped and picked up the remains of the broken flask as remembrances. It appeared that our patriotism aroused theirs.

My brother could, unfortunately, not share in these festivities, a slight indisposition keeping him at home.

From the Parthenon we went through a sea of ruins to the Erecthea. Upon a massive, but not very broad, wall of marble which encircled it were slender caryatides, which bore ornamented entablatures carved in stone upon their heads. The rich draperies of the dress, the thick wavy hair, and the serious features of these figures, gave a very strong impression of their excellence. The form and the

rich ornaments of the picturesque little temple remind one, unwittingly, of the beautifully carved cabinets of the *cinque-cento*. For these charming little works modern Greece has become famous, and has replaced some of the missing caryatides with new works in stone. In this temple also, as in all excepting that of Theseus, the roof was wanting, giving a still sharper outline to the ruins against the sky. The other side is leaning on the free-stone wall, by which the likeness to a cabinet is still more increased. On the other side of the wall is a tolerably large room, which on two sides is surrounded by beautiful Corinthian pillars. To which kind of Grecian pillar to give the preference I do not quite know; but the Parthenon, with its massive, yet slender forms, pleased me most. No scrolled work, no unnecessary ornaments spoiled the glorious impression. Here, as everywhere with what is great and beautiful, ornament is not needed to extract admiration and increase delight.

We turned our steps to the temple which was erected to both the guardians of ancient Athens—Minerva and Neptune. But the serious majestic goddess who sprung forth from the head of Jove had the superiority over the wild "water man," and the wise people of Athens preferred Minerva's present, the olive-tree, to Neptune's, the horse arising from the waves. The most beautiful of the remains of this temple is a richly ornamented entrance door; and close to this, amongst the rocks, they showed us a hollow, from which Neptune, with his trident, had caused the stream to flow. The Grecian archæologist, a very amiable learned man, let us into a house, in which we found a valuable collection of dug-up vessels and other objects. The earthen vases of Greece are distinguished by their graceful, and yet simple, forms, and by their beautifully-marked red and black colours. Action and poetry are to be found in all the figures of the remains of these times. It is worthy of remark that on the lower side

of the mighty rocks opposite the sea stands the theatre of Herod, which is now slowly being given back to daylight from the bosom of the earth; and one already sees the old form of the circus, as it is so well to be seen in Verona. It had been built by some Crœsus, who lived in the happy times when people had, occasionally, too much money. It happened to him in this way: He had found a treasure which had already given him all the luxuries of life; he did not know how to make use of the mass of gold, and turned in his difficulty to the Emperor Hadrian, who gave him the thought of building away his burdensome treasure.

We left the Acropolis with the exalting idea of having seen the great, the everlasting! We felt ourselves nearer to the times when a Pericles lived, and entered into the spirit of those unrivalled artists and great men of Greece, whilst looking at the place where they had lived, and our souls seemed to take up the shadows of the forms of the

Acropolis, as if unity and life still ruled in these spots, as if the smoke of the rich sacrifice still mounted to the undisturbed ether, and as if the shouts of the crowd, drunk with joy, still resounded over the eternally green luxuriant valley. From poetry we went back to prose, and I had the not very agreeable task of receiving the diplomatic corps. Such things were cold douches upon the poetical fervour in which our hearts had rioted over the ancient glories.

At half-past five I got on horseback, and accompanied the Queen to take another cursory glance at Athens. The weather had become more gloomy. The neighbourhood, through which our light Oriental horses carried us, offered a dull picture of melancholy. Bare and darkly-coloured hillocks gave the impression of tombs, when the glow of the bright sun was wanting. The olive-trees, with their dark grey foliage, brought no life to the leaden landscape, which soon opened into a broad valley. At the entrance of this, near the

trees, stood a little chapel, and before it lay blocks of stone, in wild confusion.

Here it was that Byron wrote his poems, and it was here that the 'Maid of Athens' was composed. The extensive landscape which opens at this point mirrors the soul of the great poet—sadness and glowing longing, which, by a burning ray of sun, are inflamed into deep passion. But to-day the Grecian sun was not granted to colour these hills and broad plains with the enamelled colours of the South. Such days are not favourable to the glowing fire of poetry; the love-sick heart of the poet can only sing on such as these in melancholy tones. It was a picture of the languid, not of the victorious Byron. Only in one spot in the far distance hope gleamed upon this sad picture. A small white church, surrounded by a few houses and luxuriant trees, comforted the eyes. I heard, with pleasure, that a colony of retired German soldiers had lived there.

For the admirers of old buildings two aqueducts

are the most remarkable objects in this valley. They date from the Roman times, and are built of tiles. The greatest part of the pillars time has already destroyed. What is remarkable in these two aqueducts, and causes most astonishment at the way in which the architect has caused nature to bow to his will, is that in the same valley they run in contrary directions. The object of these constructions has ceased, and the pillars stand now as sorrowful reminiscences of past culture. At a small expense these aqueducts might be restored, which would bring new life to the poverty-stricken country.

Scarcely had we left these ruins, when tolerably heavy rain came on. The Queen put up her umbrella, the horses were started off at a quick trot, and we went hastily to a neighbouring house belonging to one of the Royal bailiffs, which stood at the edge of a small stream. We were delighted to observe some fruit-trees and fields of clover near it. We left our horses in the court of the German-

built house. The Queen showed us with some pride a magnificent dairy, which provides cream for those who drink coffee in the German fashion. At the Court also we had nothing to complain of in the milk, which generally in Southern lands is so obnoxious to Northerners.

The broad luxurious foliage of a few plants of vine before the bailiff's room protected us from the rain. The Queen, who had gained an excellent appetite from the quick ride, asked the woman of the house to bake some pancakes, which we consumed in a little dark room. Meanwhile carriages came from Athens, and we got home dry. Our toilets were made in haste, and we went to dinner, at which Captain O. was presented to the Queen by our resident Consul, Count J.

As the lively Queen found that we had had too little exercise that day, we played after dinner at "à la guerre." The whole company endeavoured to display their talents for the game, which many did in a very comical manner, so that it was easy for the

practised billiard player, Dr. F., to win. With this triumph of Viennese skill, the day ended.

The following morning my brother and I visited once more, in the company of Count C. and Recorder K. and our allotted adjutant, the noble Temple of Theseus, whose choice treasures of art in the interior we had not yet sufficiently examined. This morning we could see it all at our leisure, without being disturbed by our less enthusiastic companions (we make an exception of Professor G. also). We were much indebted to the learned, agreeable explanations of the Greek archæologist. The most remarkable of the various objects in the temple room is the bas-relief of a hero figure of the time of Xerxes; it represents Aristion, a relation of Theseus. Of this rare souvenir they had taken a little care, and had hidden it under a glass case from the effects of the air. One sees, from the profile of this hero, how, even in early times, they had a feeling for art in Greece, and if by the side of later creations this

work appears stiff, yet one can see that a people who, in their infancy, knew how to mould such forms, must be destined to have a glorious future. The features and limbs of the figure are rigid and unformed, and we might conclude from them how the spark of art had passed from the old, serious, strong Egyptians to the youthful Greek nation, and there had first expanded under the influence of a happy and powerful nature to its sublime and universally-admired results. When we leave these oldest recollections of Grecian sculpture, we find near them numerous monuments which, by their rich ideas, and by their skilful execution, remind us of the prime of Hellas; for after the granite and other hardly-worked materials of the Egyptian school, with its cold stiff forms, the soft white marble of the Penthelicon breathed a new life into the youthful efforts. Already the artist has united scenes from real life with mythological faith, and raised the mystic veil; so the spectator finds an expression of the thought which fills it. The

figures of the dying on the monument are always in a sitting posture, and covered with a veil, emblematical of the separation from the world. Around them stand the relations and friends, who are endeavouring by their prayers to prevent the parting. Is it a mother dying, surrounded by her family? The artist places a child on her knee, holding a bird in its hand, by which is typified the fleeting soul of the mother. Many of these monuments are preserved, and the various figures on them are not emblematical; they are real flesh and blood, covered with the richest draperies.

Amongst the remaining objects, another sarcophagus and an excellent statue are worthy of notice. This latter represents a young man, whom they pointed out to us as Apollo—I do not know whether it was correctly named, but the figure was not unworthy of the God. A colossal statue, in Egyptian dress, bears the marks of a later date in the manner of its carving. The archæologist told us it represented Antinous, the favourite of Hadrian.

It was found upon the field of Marathon. I can easily believe that this work belonged to those Roman times, for it wanted the delicate moulding of Greek art. In the colonnade of Hadrian, where we now entered, curiosities are kept in the first room, amongst which we found several more monuments of the kind I have described.

We also paid one more visit to the Temple of the Winds, which had interested me greatly through the archæologist's explanations. As I have already remarked, an aqueduct leads to this building, whose now dried-up waters once flowed so regularly round a bronze statue of Neptune that it formed the centre of a clock-work on which figures appeared according to the course of the hours, and whose age and size increased with the number of the hour. In the first division a child appeared, with a horn of plenty filled with buds; in the second, a maiden with opening buds; and in the third, a figure of a woman with full-blown flowers. In this temple, also, we found a sun-dial, at the southern

pole of which a line showed that the course of the earth has not changed in the least during two thousand years, for to-day the rays of the sun at noon still cast the shadow of the iron rod upon this stone memorial.

Let into the division of the octagon are several great bas-reliefs, representing the various winds and their peculiarities. The cold, or hurtful ones, have old bearded countenances, in order to depict the inclemencies of the elements. The soft winds of spring appear in the forms of youths. They are barefooted, by which is intended to show how lightly they pass over the flowery carpet of newly-awakened nature. Many of these figures carry musical instruments in their hands, as signs of their sweetness; others bear flowers and fruits, showing that they called these forth. The wind most disliked by the Athenians holds a large shell before its mouth, emblematical of its roaring.

From the Temple of the Winds we went to a chamber, turned by the Turks into a steam-bath,

which now contains the plaster casts of all the treasures of art no longer in Greece. Amongst others are the bas-reliefs stolen by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon. Old England was good enough to send these to the Greeks, in order to remind them of what they had lost. From hence we passed on to the so-called Market Gate, which properly, with a few shortened pillars, encircles the remains of the Temple of Minerva. The present name of this portico is falsely given.

We also visited the Catholic church near these ruins. It is small, and in the highest degree unpresentable, so that on this point we were surpassed by the Anglicans, who had built themselves a very pretty little Gothic church, whilst the Catholics had only a former mosque.

At one o'clock we drove with the Queen in a char-à-banc to the mountains. We were, however, soon met by the Royal horses, on which we must needs climb the steep part of the way. The weather was very favourable to us to-day, so that

the interesting mountain-passes looked more picturesque than ever. Of cultivation it was entirely deficient; yet the fresh green of the pine-trees shone between the masses of stone, and over the bare yellow earth. Our horses were soon obliged to begin to climb over the slippery rocks. When we had gained the first of the heights we were welcomed by the "zitos" of the inhabitants of the little village of Cupia, who had come to meet us. We had passed by this small place in the valley, now far in the distance. It was a pretty picturesque spot, vegetation had been planted with much trouble in its rocky neighbourhood, and it did the eyes good to rest on the green amid the grey masses.

The joy of the people, on seeing the Queen, was so great, and so noisy, that her horse took fright and shied. The costume of the villagers resembled that of Eleusis. The further we journeyed into the country, and the higher we climbed, the more oriental and more primitive did the land

and its inhabitants become. They are a hearty, independent race of men, strong in their fixed belief, powerful in body and mind; and, therefore, easy and dignified in their bearing, and graceful in their movements. If the craftiness of the ancient Greeks, and the slyness of the slave, did not appear in this unfettered people, I should compare them with the steadfast Tyrolese. This gloomy shadow throws an unpleasing darkness over the shepherds of this mountain peninsula. Owing to these mountain-spurs, which make harbours on the shore of the sea, the people have acquired the cunning of the traders. The warlike sanguinary mind which enabled them, protected as they were by their rocky fortresses, to chase the enemy with long-nourished vengeance from their country was not, as with the Tyrolese, settled peacefully after the hardly won victory. The strife was too long and fierce, and, combined with the cunning elements of their character, has degenerated into robbery, from which violence

even such great expeditions as we were making seemed not to be quite secure, for we saw *gens d'armes* to-day, placed at several points of the road.

Though the Queen assured us that this zeal was unnecessary, I believe such precautions were not taken without reason. Already the path had become narrower, owing to the various obstacles of rock and stone. But the Queen, accustomed to such hindrances, from her frequent journeys into the interior, scampered lightly over them, and we soon arrived at still steeper heights, picturesquely covered with pine-trees and rocky crags; then we presently descended by a path, which in our country we should not dignify by such a name, and here the horses knew how to advance, mounting or sliding, as required. The nearer we came to our goal, the old border fortress of Phila, the wilder and narrower became the road, and the more varied the forms of the rocks. Everywhere the homely pine-trees were to be seen.

These places reminded me of our Salzkammergut and our Tyrol.

We were still obliged to ride over rough stony flats, between a wall of rock, a steep precipice, and pass a hollow defile in sight of the fortress.

At last we found ourselves at the end of our charming journey; the weather was most beautiful, and the ruins of the fortress lay on the further point of a tolerably broad plateau, overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. These ruins are composed of a not very long square wall of colossal plain freestone; at the corners are placed four towers, of which one is round, which proves that the Greeks already knew how to build round walls.

Phila was the refuge of the thirty tyrants, in which they fortified themselves, to escape the anger of the Athenians. We see from this that the idea of a strong refuge does not date only from the middle ages. These thirty gentlemen

could contemplate the town of Athens, from their eagle's nest, through the cutting in the mountain, so dangerous to them, with its dazzling background of the azure mirror of the sea. The chains of the tyrants are broken, the protecting walls decayed; and now the peaceful ivy, the usual mantle of the dead, weaves a luxuriant green network over the ruins. The much-dreaded castle has become a romantic object for an excursion.

The view of Athens, of Acropolis, and the noble sea was truly bewitching; between the dark masses of the mountain, it looked like a miniature set in a frame.

After the horses were rested we set off again on the neck-breaking stony path, which stretched itself along the mountains and the small valley; but we soon left the road we had come by, in order to go through, if possible, still greater equestrian dangers.

We went over the ridge of the mountain, and

again descended by a path which might perhaps make a good footing for chamois. Before us opened the narrow defile, around us stretched rocks buried amidst low underwood, and we balanced on our half-stepping, half-sliding horses from stone to stone along the steep precipice. One false step of the eager animal, and the unhappy victim is the child of death! These are the pleasure rides of the curious Europeans in old Hellas, the former sanctuary of civilization and progress. The defile continued to grow narrower. In vain my eyes searched for the walls of the convent, which was to be the aim of our past dangers. Instead of that I discovered that those of the caravan who were behind the Queen, my brother and myself, seemed to have observed the danger in which we were, for both northern and southern riders, of whose boldness we had so often heard, had dismounted, and were leading their horses comfortably by the bridle. They preferred tiring their own limbs, to hovering in the air

over the precipices. For dear life's sake this was surely better, but, as we saw that the heroic Basilissa did not fear the danger, my brother and I remained in our saddles. The most remarkable spot was still in store for us.

As I cannot say the *path*, I will use the expression, our *direction*, was now to reach the bottom of the ravine. The place where we had to turn was the projection of a rock, on which a horse could only just stand. The Queen's horse arrived on this dizzy point; then the noble lady became suddenly aware of the danger. Neither horse nor rider wished to go forward; but one step backwards, and she would be dashed down the precipice. The situation was fearful; but the helping hand of the Queen's equerry arrived, who led the horse forward by the bridle; after whom we also happily passed this terrible place. We could now see the end of the pass, in which water flowed; but where was the convent? The world seemed nailed up in boards; where should

we now discover the work of men's hands between rocks and pines in this primitive nature? We suddenly saw, at the turning of the path, that the direction we had taken was cut off at the end of the valley by a little wall between the overhanging masses of rock. But where were we to find the convent? The defile coming to an end, the little wall could only be considered as a barrier in the road. The riddle became more and more exciting. We stood before the wooden gate of the wall; the hinges creaked, and we found ourselves, all at once, as by the stroke of a magic wand, in a romantic, lovely picture of peaceful loneliness—the convent court. Without, threatened the wilderness; within, spread a large vine, like a tender guard over the quiet rest of prayer. Only the clear blue eye of heaven had entrance into this refuge of pious souls.

The day's ride may, perhaps, have been the type of the life of many of the monks. He leaves the homely hearth, where he lived during his happy

childhood, amongst the flowers of the garden; he goes forth into the world, which represents itself to him as a broad valley, bounded, in the far distance, by picturesque mountains. He steps boldly forward; the road is so smooth, the homes of guardians and friends so near; but the mountains attract him, he wishes to climb to the glittering blue heights in the distance. He approaches the base. "The work is easy," he says inwardly, "for my eyes can overlook the road, and reach from the beginning to the end." But the poor soul forgets the feet which must carry it; it forgets that the foot can slip, that there are heights and precipices below. He follows the senses, and trusts to the firmness of his step. The valley becomes narrower; the plains begin to rise; pointed rocks spring forth out of the earth; but the danger is still not imminent. He steps bravely onward. The sun rises in the firmament, and throws glowing rays. The path becomes rougher. The wanderer begins to look down on precipices. At first

it heightens his pleasure. He sees a village before him; the inhabitants come to meet him with rejoicings. His pride increases; but he is not satisfied. He passes by the last settlement of friendly man; he is driven boisterously onward. He desires fame; he must climb the fortress; he must see regions only inhabited by eagles. He despises danger, because he already sees the longed-for object in the far-off distance. The defiles become narrower, the heights more giddy. He strives upwards; he has reached the goal, and finds the ruins of fallen greatness; then, for the first time, he is overcome by fatigue. His head turns before the fearful abyss; in sad despair he wanders in the wilderness. His wishes are baffled, his hopes broken. The danger grows more threatening, every step more fatal. His path continues to ascend, and approaches even nearer to the precipice; then he steps upon a point of the rock. He is surrounded by rough desert; the fresh vegetation has ceased, and he stands alone in a sea

of grey stones. Now his courage fails him; he is maddened; the danger has reached the highest degree. He sees a wall, with a closed gate; with a penitent heart he falls powerless on the threshold. He knocks, and knows not what will be opened to him. The hinges creak, and the tired wanderer finds himself in the quiet cloister. The vine spreads its branches, casting a cool shadow; the little church invites him to prayer and repentance; and serious friends stretch out their hands to him, and take him into their peaceful home.

This convent, the recollection of which yet causes emotion in me, is, as I have already remarked, surrounded with a wall, and hangs, like the nest of a swallow, upon the rocky projection of the stony mountain. The small inner space is so well arranged that it would do honour to the best English travelling-bag. Small stone houses, which present the most faithful pictures of mortification, find a place against the rocks and in the wall.

In the small court there is a somewhat raised terrace, which, under a rich roof of grapes, brings a picturesque element into the whole interior.

Beyond this terrace is the small church, which forms the background. We entered it with the Queen. It bears the stamp of the Byzantine churches. A mysterious gloom reigns in it, which arises from the end of the church being hollowed out of the rocks. As we rested for a short time in the charming court, where nothing is to be seen of the neighbouring abyss, the caravans formed a pretty sketch for a *genre* painter in search of originality. Europe's faded, uninteresting dandy clothing, France's elegant riding habits, the rich costumes of modern Greece, were seen collected in an old Oriental cloister, which had been consecrated to renunciation of the world! We had seated ourselves on the stone. There was a rattling and a clatter in the low dark walls of the cloister, and a haggard, neglected figure of an old monk came forth among the merry young

world with a cheerful countenance. The white beard of the feeble old man waved over a short dark caftan, and reached below the blue pantaloons to his knees. Legs and feet were clothed in white stockings and black shoes. Upon his bent head was perched a kind of Persian cap. From his shoulders to his hands his arms were draped in white.

As in the monasteries of the West, this monk brought us friendly gifts of nature, consisting of honey, bread, and grapes. We inquired where the rest of the brethren were, and were told that they were busy in the fields at work. Altogether, six of them lived in this solitude. Their appointments are few and scanty, and if their dwellings are strangely contrasted with the rich abbeys of Austria, so their minds, in comparison with our proud Benedictines, are most simple. This simplicity suits with the rude wild country, and the ancient religious feeling which reigns here makes no slighter an impression than the higher knowledge of the convents of our Fatherland.

We again mounted our horses, and left the pass which had become so interesting to us, in order to visit a cavern at the end of it, where, so the Queen told us, some time ago the Austrian Ambassador found a great treasure in old vases. We returned to the village of Cassia by a not less picturesque road. Here, on a charming flat, covered with pine-trees, we encamped, set up a small table and some camp-stools, and made a hearty meal. The place was lovely, and the rest did us good. I remarked that the uncultivated people of Greece, like their European brethren, took great pleasure in watching the meals of persons of high rank. I have often thought that they must imagine queens to eat in a different manner from ordinary beings, but here the interest was mutual, for we travellers were glad of the opportunity of observing the Grecian spectators. After we had broken up our camp, the Queen spoke in most charming Greek to the children in the crowd.

We now again started on our road. As we

passed over the plain, night overtook us, and a fresh scene was offered to our gaze. The moon appeared with her mild solemn face amidst a choir of stars. As everything in the South is clearer, more fiery, and more inspiring, so the stars themselves twinkle more brightly and enchantingly there. In the North the moon seems to be supported by the blue of the heavens, whilst over the fields of Attica it appears as if it hovered in the free air, enabling the eye apparently to pierce further into the far unknown distance. So brightly did the stars shine through the night that the courageous Queen was able to set off at full gallop to the capital, in spite of the bad roads. The carriages, which had come to meet us, were to my great delight not used, and, dashing quickly on, we came through the glorious Southern night-air to the royal castle. I confess, with admiration, that the brave Basilissa understands how to show her guests the beauties of her country, and teach them to prize its treasures.

We were tired by the long seven hours' ride,

but only in body, not in mind, and the glorious moonshine made us resolve, being now somewhat refreshed, to set our tired limbs again in motion. There was an enthusiastic insatiableness in our love of art, which prevented our confessing fatigue. "L'appétit vient en mangeant," and therefore the small number of the Phil-Hellenes and the admirers of antiquities were really happy at having this treat at the conclusion of this eventful day. Added to this enjoyment of the Grecian works of art we joined some malice, and amused ourselves with the despairing countenances of the prosaic lovers of comfort.

The excellent dinner was hastily taken, and we threw ourselves, preceded by the Queen, into the carriage. During the drive we had an opportunity of admiring the clear pale moonlight shed over the landscape, thus showing how deserving we were of such a chandelier. All that was sublime was distinctly visible, whilst the bare deserts of earth lay in darkness. All colour had disappeared,

giving one soft tone to the whole, so that the forms of the objects were only distinguishable by their shadows.

Near the gate of the Acropolis, on the height, we very nearly fell victims to our love of art. The horses, not appearing to share in our enthusiasm, could not proceed up the sacred road (*via sacra*), and our carriage slid deliberately down the steep way to the precipice. The modern Greeks, who never drive carriages up these streets, did not care in the least to quiet our alarm; no railing gave us the sweet delusion of being saved. The Queen then took the only remaining means of escape, and, amidst cries of despair, threw herself out of the carriage. The maid of honour, who had fainted from an emotion so unusual for a Greek, was thrown into the arms of a stout Bavarian footman. Charles and I saved ourselves after the Queen's fashion. The carriage, freed from our weight, was now kept from rolling back by the horses, and we entered the lofty gate of the temple of the god on foot.

From the outer court we had our first magic glimpse of the sea converted into a silver mirror. My eyes always rest with exalted feelings upon the broad ocean, as when I first saw it lighted up by the Grecian full moon. I had always longed for, and dreamed of the South; now my dream is realized and far surpassed. With what a proud feeling did I tread the brightly shining steps of the Propylæum, whose columns stood like giants of the times of the gods! Black and square the plain French tower rose from the dark ground; small, yet beautifully sublime, the Temple of Victory hovered between the sea and the deep blue heavens like a fancy from a dream. Nobly towered the great Parthenon, as though it had risen at the command of a deity. Lightly the Caryatides supported the temple of the nymph Erecthea. Everything—so beautiful, so great, so fantastic, and everything in ruins! Involuntarily the thought came across my mind, as I stood amongst these ruins lit up by the moon, "Here lies the churchyard of History."

Five national epochs had revolved over this place, and now the first of these still fills us with admiration. The deep poetry which lies in the works of Greece could never be breathed by them into any other people. The Roman is great, but oppressively heavy; the Frenchman is angular, strong, and stout; whilst among the Turks, cruel, fanatical destructiveness is shown by their bald skulls.

With the genius of enthusiasm, the Queen led us to an admirably-chosen point of view, from whence we could contemplate the isolated buildings in all their magnificence. As Queen of the Hellenes, she looks upon the glory which rests on these great works as part of her inheritance.

I could have stayed for hours at these various points of view, lost in my own thoughts, but the company was too numerous, and there was too much insignificant nature mingled amongst us. I had a feeling as if I could here write poetry—poems of longing and high feeling. We climbed

upon the last peak of the richly-laden rock, from whence we could see the new town. It lay in peaceful stillness, and only the lighted windows showed that life existed there. As when a young child seats itself at the foot of the throne of its renowned ancestors, so it lay there, and the Basilissa, standing by our side, is the bond uniting the present with the past. We separated with full hearts, and my soul was possessed by thoughts of other times.

The Queen, in order to try the patience of the party, now went, to my great joy, on towards the Areopagus, upon the rock from whence the holy St. Paul had preached to the Athenians of the Unknown God. Here also it was heavenly. The Queen tripped as merrily over the blocks of stone as though she had been reposing the whole day, to the great displeasure of the lovers of ease, who would much rather have been dreaming of rosy champagne, between soft eider-down quilts.

As we left the Areopagus we suddenly saw, on

the side towards the sea, a glorious falling star, so large that it seemed as if the moon was dropping into the waves. It changed colour from green to red, and left a long streak of flame behind it.

We re-entered our ominous carriage, and drove to the Columns of Jupiter. They are all large, like everything that is Roman, but wanted that lovely poetic breath of the Grecian works. It is splendour without grace.

Through the Gate of Hadrian we returned to the royal palace. Every moment I wished myself back in the "churchyard of History," although I had been in motion the whole day. I shall remember this evening, and the Basilissa, as long as I live.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO THE MOSQUE IN SMYRNA

The first morning in Asia Minor, the first in the Ottoman empire, smiled on us joyfully. Before us lay the East, with its wealth, its vegetation, its thousand dazzling appeals to the senses. The blossoms of Asia opened before us; our long-cherished dreams were realized.

On a slight elevation by the sea stood the town, with its innumerable houses mingled in a confusion of colours and forms. Slender minarets, the sign-posts of Mahometanism, lifted their peculiarly graceful architecture by the side of the cupolas of the mosques. Rich forests of cypresses on the

height overshadow the graves of the Turks in quiet majestic solemnity. Upon the highest point, as on a terrace, were the ruins of a strong fortress, which is ascribed to Alexander the Great in this country, so rich in historical recollections. In the background rose the mountain-range, with its thousandfold varied outlines, enclosing the clear gulf like a half-moon, and forming on its shores the greenest declivities and valleys, from whence peeped forth a few solitary settlements.

The most beautiful of the valleys led the brave hero-Richard Cœur de Lion in olden days to fame. Its name is Cordelion. On the other shore one of the Turkish fortresses was to be seen on a small promontory; and above all this magnificence rises the blue cloudless azure. Each minaret, each cypress, each beautifully-arched cupola, each brilliantly-coloured house, was a revelation for us and excited our curiosity. We accounted ourselves blessed when at length the boat was let down the side of the ship, and we rose over the waves by

powerful strokes with the oar, and approached the magic coast.

The expression of the spiritual, the embodiment of high ideas, is the first thing a traveller should seek in a strange place. In this frame of mind the solemn minaret and the mosque were our first points in the wonderful Asiatic land.

Dazzled and confused by the multitude of delights, we passed through the streets and bazaars to a raised square in the outskirts, where stands the Mosque of Kiltgezagi. In front of the entrance-steps to the raised terrace, formerly the foundation of the building, is a well, surrounded by trees, which gives to the whole an impression of freshness and life. It is a pretty thought that at the steps of the house of God should be offered that rare refreshment in the Eastern climate; trees and water.

The mosque, consisting of one great arched cupola, stands in the raised place, surrounded by a stone parapet. To the right rises the slender

minaret, in the interior of which a small dark staircase leads to a gallery running out in a point to the end. From this, five times a day, the muezzin calls to prayer. The minaret, as well as the mosque, appears to be built of a grey sandstone. Before the three entrances stretch a flight of stairs, which lead, now, to a terrace that serves as a place for the preparatory prayer breathed by the Mahometans before entering the mosque. Over the centre door rises a little tower, with a low balcony, from whence the Iman intones his prayers.

The Consul excused our taking off our shoes at the entrance, thus permitting us to commit sacrilege, according to Mahometan ideas. Full of expectation, we entered the consecrated part of the building, and were reminded every moment of the "periwig" style of churches. Rows of columns divide the place into three parts; above the centre and largest of these rises the cupola. The walls and the columns are adorned with gold and coloured

ornaments, but the grounding is white. In several portions of the building texts from the Koran are painted. In the middle of the wall, opposite the door, is the place where the superior Iman, the shepherd of Turkish souls, offers up the principal prayers. The wall behind this is covered, with great profuseness, with gold decorations; and the ground is spread here, as elsewhere, with rich carpets. The rest of the marble flooring is furnished with reed-matting, an arrangement which was very advantageous for the Christian knees and feet.

In the place where in our churches the altar generally stands hung three pictures; the centre piece represented the Grave of the Prophet. To the right we saw Medina, and to the left Mecca, with its minarets and cupolas. These pictures are drawn in a peculiar, and not wholly unsuccessful, aërial perspective. The material appears to be a kind of water, or body colour. These sketches of the Mahometan holy places are the only pic-

tures ever painted by Turks, for the believers of the true faith are forbidden to represent anything else, according to the strict commands of the Koran. This may have been one of the reasons why, in Europe, we have remained so long in the dark regarding the customs and usages of the domestic life of the Turks, because the Mahometan Colossus preserved itself from foreign influences by forbidding the possession of portraits, or of religious or *genre* pictures. These commands and prohibitions of the wise Prophet, and his expositions or doctrines, united in dividing, as with a wall built of a thousand stones, the unbelievers from the members of his flock.

But a change is dawning even in these districts. The idea of religious obedience is considered a laughable annoyance, which must be opposed. They begin to pull out the smaller stones from the well-cemented wall, and forget that the larger must fall out also, as a necessary consequence. Under the title of abuses, they begin to

put aside everything not absolutely and immediately necessary, until the props requisite for the support of the whole are taken away, and the entire structure is overthrown, with full consciousness of what is being done on the part of some, and to the astonishment of others of the innovators.

To the right of this place, adorned with pictures, a small flight of steps leads into a little tower, supported by four pillars. The entrance to this small, elegantly-built guard-house is closed by a red hanging curtain. A roof, running into a point, rises high above the principal wall, and bears, at its outer end, for a protection to the little building, the Crescent, that once formidable symbol of the Mahometans, which mowed down mercilessly both races and people like a sickle. In this richly-ornamented lofty little house, it is the duty of the Iman to pray for the welfare of the Sultan. This custom is very suitable in an absolute monarchy, where the chief is also head of the Church; for, naturally, it must make a great

impression on the people to know that their ruler has a place of his own, separated from all others; and it is only the priest who is able to climb, as on a Jacob's ladder, into these exalted regions, from whence, as from the clouds, he allows the people to hear his prayer for the successor of Mahomet.

Opposite this little tower, on the left side of the wall, is a rich white and gold ornamented pulpit. Here the Mahometan book of books, or rather the only book known to them, is read. All these details of the mosque have great similarity with those of our Church. The richly-adorned little building reminds one of the pyx. The pulpit is just like ours, even in form and ornaments; and our choir we recognize over the entrance gate; only, instead of the organ, there is a large grated division, where the Sultan attends the service. As we mounted the choir we naturally found that this partition was locked. In this arrangement a proof of good judgment is ob-

servable; the pious people imagine their ruler present, though his person is hidden from their inquiring gaze, which excites their curiosity, and nourishes a mysterious worship in the multitude.

The great number of lamps is worthy of notice. Ostrich eggs and stags' antlers hang about the mosque, and preserve the real motley Oriental charm. The question naturally arises, what ostrich eggs and stags' antlers have to do in the house of God. We put this question, and learned another piece of Mahometan superstition—the faithful hang these objects in their mosque to hinder the injurious praise of the unbeliever doing them any hurt. Thus, when a Christian enters the mosque, and praises the beauty of the building, or the magnificence of the interior, his admiring wandering gaze must fall on these appendages, and the misfortune which might result from his admiration is averted. This belief, strange as it may seem, does not harm the general effect made on the spectator.

The impression made by the mosque, with its

rows of pillars and its cupolas, is exalting, peaceful, and grand. Nothing repulsive meets the eye of a Christian: no overladen ostentation, no marked plainness puts the visitor into a bad humour. Only one treasure is missed by the Christian—it is the altar. This comforting place for an oppressed soul is wanting in the temple of the Mahometans, and it is this want which renders the service cold and uninteresting to us. The unity is wanting—the Sacrifice including every prayer. From this arises an emptiness in the house of God. The thought is forced upon one that one could pray equally well at home—that no synagogue, no mosque, no church is necessary. It is the Jew who feels this most strongly. His temple is destroyed, his altar broken, the pearl of his religion robbed, and, being able only to sacrifice in Zion, he feels a helpless yearning after the former happiness of the Patriarchs.

It was given to us, the disciples of the Messiah, to find, in the most magnificent cathedral, as in the smallest chapel, something higher than ever was

present in the wonderful building of Solomon. Therefore we search sadly in the churches of different believers for the honoured place, to which the eyes of the praying multitude are turned during the holy office.

Though it was Friday—the Turkish Sunday—there was no service going on in the mosque: it was too early an hour, and no worshipper had arrived. A kind of Iman took us round. He wore a turban, a striped silken caftan with a sash, and an overcoat. To this dress was added an indolent face, with a yellow skin, and a long beard, forming quite a characteristic picture.

As we left the mosque to ascend the minaret we saw a Turk, deep in prayer, lying on the terrace appointed for preparatory prayer. He knelt on a carpet, which it was the custom for all to bring. His dress consisted of a crimson draped caftan and a snow-white turban. His shoes he had taken off and laid near him; in his hands he twisted the Oriental much-loved string of round beads. From

his brown visage, over his breast, hung a snow-white beard; his eyes were cast down in deep prayer; his features were serene and contemplative. It was a striking picture. Only from time to time he gazed painfully and anxiously about, and, disturbed perhaps by our loud conversation, his dark fanatical eyes rested for a moment upon us. As he observed the curiosity and the contempt of the unbelievers, he burst forth into a heartrending cry, and sang his devotions softly, whining sadly. It was not the expression of cold ironical reproach against the curious Christians, but rather the pitiful regret, a quiet lament over the sacrilege which it probably appeared to him we had committed.

Filled with emotion, pity, and esteem for this pious worshipper, we left the place, and ascended the little dark stone stairs which led to the minaret. We did not mount up the whole way, but left the minaret and its mysterious stairs by a little exit, in order to visit the side roofs of the mosque. From this point we could see Smyrna beautifully—

the proud princess of the East. The beauties of nature were greater than the beauty of the buildings raised by the hand of man. Far away extended the exquisite plains of silvery blue, and majestically the crowned head rested, with its coloured star-like adornments, upon the green pillow. In the middle of the sea of houses the little place at our feet was distinguished as particularly bustling and lively, it being the outlet between the bazaar, streets, and the mosque.

The place was filled with men of different costumes and complexions, staring at the unbelieving guests, in whose honour the Pasha had ordered troops before the mosque. As we looked with interest at the crowd at our feet, we suddenly heard a curious ringing of bells. We awaited what should happen. Suddenly the crowd separated, and we saw a brown mass move in solemn uniform step. It was a procession of a peculiar nature—a procession of the Thousand and One Nights—a picture, or rather a succession of pic-

tures, like those painted by Horace Vernet—a vision which the most glowing fancy could not paint, or the most flowing pen describe; for such things as we saw are only to be found in the East, in the fields of Asia, in the rich, bustling bazaars of Smyrna, Damascus, and Bagdad—only where the sword of Mahomet governs, where the palms blossom, and the Crescent glitters through the wilderness. It consisted of camels, richly laden with merchandise and fruit. They appeared to us as heralds, or representatives, from the ancient world.

This animal, which carries the family of the needy Arab across the sandy deserts like a ship, which gives him milk for his simple meal, which serves him as a protecting wall against the simoom, and, in extreme need, falls as a victim in order to unlock to his master the hidden cellar—does not the stranger ask wonderingly why this animal, one of the most useful which God created, should be so ugly, so alarmingly hideous? The answer must suffice, that the really useful and competent in this

world often appear in a low and rough exterior. Everything is peculiar in this animal. Staggering, but not without dignity, the soft spongy foot steps upon the hot ground; the serpent-like head stretches far out on the lean neck; the heavily-laden hump rises in a high arch, like a barren shapeless mountain. Now passive, now furious, is the wise eye. The hide is as thick as brawn, yet the whole misshapen body is colourless. In a little while these sons of the desert had disappeared in the streets.

We returned to the minaret, after we had gone over the roof and seen the interior of the cupola, by a gallery which runs around it, and has so low an edge that any one who suffers from giddiness should refrain from inspecting the mosque from a bird's-eye view. When we quitted the building, our praying Turk had vanished from the outer court; probably he had already entered the mosque. We left the terraced heights, and mixed in the varied life of the bazaar.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO THE SLAVE-MARKET OF SMYRNA.

We had wandered for some time hither and thither in the busy, cheerful bazaar, when I turned to my dragoman, with the question, "Where is the Slave Market?" He was confused, and answered that it existed no longer in Smyrna. As I had heard the contrary, I was naturally not satisfied with this answer, and bent my steps to the office of our Consul, who told me that the Turks pretend to the Christians that it no longer exists, feeling a kind of shame at this barbarous sale of human beings. I thought to myself, however, that we would not, out of consideration for the

Mussulman, forbear to visit so interesting a spot, and stood firm to my wish. One of the officers of the Consulate then gave us a sign to enter a certain gate; we understood him, and followed in his steps. Under the cover of an archway, which went under the house, were the slave-dealers, in rich Turkish dress. They were smoking their pipes and narghilés, leaning against the wall, with a cold, almost idiotic, expression. By their side stood a few male slaves, covered by white linen cloths and brown-stuff rags.

These black men withdrew themselves from our curious gaze with mute quietness. Their features are repulsive, their figures lean and feeble, yet their bearing, like that of all Southerners, is easy, and almost noble. From the gate we now entered the minor court. Here a picture of the most distressing misery and sorrow lay before us.

Upon the miry, dusty ground lay groups of half-naked, dark-coloured negro women. They were placed by fives and sixes on reed-mats, in

various artistic attitudes. Their scanty clothing consisted of bluish-green coverlets, in which they hid their lean bodies as well as they could. Several of them had bound up their woolly hair in cloths. All was dark and darker in this horrible place. The complexions of the men, their dresses, the ground, the scanty plants covering the neighbouring ruinous huts, everything had an air of horror.

A few of the women laughed, with a grinning stupid expression, and made comical movements with their long hard hands; it seemed that our appearance had a ridiculous effect upon them. A few, however, stared with a vacant gaze; they appeared bodies without souls. Others stood by the fallen doors of their dwellings, which would in Europe be considered too bad for stables. One of the women, owing to the long walk in the heat, had elephantiasis in her feet. This poor creature pined there helplessly; the sight of her made me nearly sick with compassion and disgust. In the centre

of the place stood a withered tree, on whose branches hung a grey cage, containing three grey parrots, which a Turkish boy offered for sale at twenty-three francs each. Thus men and beasts are bought in the same place by their fellow-men,—a lowering thought. Many philanthropic, whining Christians, who praise and hear praised daily the maxim of love to your neighbour, buy these feathered beasts with uncounted gold, whilst their fellow-men are sold for much less. It would be a false idea, however, were it to be thought that these men would be made happy by freedom. There is more to be considered in this than people usually do. In their native country these men live in a wild, animal condition, and it is only owing to the deep degradation in which they are plunged that it is possible to catch and sell them. We may try to bring help into the heart of Africa by means of missions and civilization, but man will so seldom go to the bottom of an evil, and contents himself with the mere momentary appa-

rent remedy! Truly miserable are these men from the moment in which they become the property of the Mussulman. They are driven naked, like a herd of cattle, from their native country to Smyrna; it is only in the market-place that they are given these blue-grey cloths. Their nourishment is a kind of dark bread. These "bêtes féroces," as the Christian dragoman called them, cost, as children, if they are tractable, a hundred to a hundred and fifty francs; but if they are stubborn, only forty or fifty francs. One of the Moorish boys, who appeared better cared for, and in Turkish costume, spat on us as we approached nearer to look at him, with an expression of the bitterest anger.

White slaves are very rarely brought into this market. We only saw one clear-complexioned very beautiful woman amongst these dark apparitions; she was dressed in a rich peculiar costume, and carried round eatables. Some asserted she was a Jewish overlooker of the slaves; others said she was a Circassian offered for sale.

Her features were noble; beautifully-arched eyebrows, long almond-shaped eyes, with a melancholy expression, a straight Eastern nose, and a tender oblong mouth; her complexion was pale, and somewhat bronzed; her figure graceful, and well formed; her brown hair was covered by a golden net, to which a fine veil was attached, hanging in fairy-like folds around her; her bodice and skirts were of a varied Oriental stuff; and thus she was the only spot of light amidst this sea of grey colour.

I heard it said that the slaves had a tolerably happy life after they were purchased. They are treated like servants, and the old patriarchal relations are extended to them. This gave me a little comfort and peace at my departure from this place of horrors.

I afterwards saw some Moorish women in the bazaars, accompanying the veiled mistresses with really cheerful round faces. Fearful misery is in the original condition of these men, and it is only civilization which can help them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BAZAAR OF SMYRNA.

Who has not read the 'Arabian Nights'? Who has not dreamed of Turkish luxury, Oriental abundance and magnificence, and the lean fanciful figures of the treasure-bearing camels! Who has not heard of the useful domestic friend of the East, the industrious donkey? All these the reader will find united in the streets of Smyrna; they are covered in with wood and cloth hangings, which the Moslems call bazaars.

When I found myself for the first time in these long high covered streets, I fancied I was dreaming. All moved in motley colours, and with the

most confused cries, one after another. Eyes, ears, and noses are all at once put into requisition, and it takes a long time till one begins to find oneself comfortable, and even then the forms are so confused one with the other that it is extraordinarily difficult to describe the impression it made on me.

The bazaar lies between the Turkish and French town. It takes up a great deal of space, and its streets cross each other in every direction. In the middle, upon a small square, are several mosques, groups of trees, marble fountains, and public baths, which, together with the innumerable booths, form a picturesque and a pleasant variety.

The reason that these public buildings are to be found in the very centre of the bazaar is, because this latter unites the life of the whole town and of the country; the streets of a Turkish town are as empty as these places are overflowing. All business is conducted here. The messengers from distant regions are the camels, which, with the ever-tinkling bells round their necks, are gene-

rally tied one after another in strings of about five together, and are driven heavily-laden through the town.

In order to clear the space necessary for them amidst the crowd, the drivers utter loud cries, and ride on in front of the caravan on donkeys, dressed in the costume of the country, and smoking their chibouques. One is often obliged to fly before such processions into a booth to make way. The greater number of the booths are in a wooden house, and open one into the other; and above this steps on each side lead up to the roof. The timbers are visible everywhere, and are of their natural colour. Towards the streets are great broad openings, as in the booths of our yearly fairs, only on a much larger scale.

On one side was a long wooden counter, upon which the Mahometan, surrounded by his goods, generally sits cross-legged, smoking his narghilé, and sipping coffee out of a small saucer.

The noble symmetrical heads of these Turks are

covered by the gracefully-twisted turban. From their chins the long beard falls over open fur-trimmed caftans. Their legs, down to the knee, are clothed in ample white trousers, and below this the rich wear white stockings; the poor, however, leave this part bare. Black shoes, or yellow slippers, turned up at the toe, complete the costume. The impression made by a Mahometan, either rich or poor, is very striking.

The various wares hang on wooden poles at the entrance of the booths in motley confusion. The prettiest are those where Turkish stuffs, carpets, and dresses are sold. We entered several of these, and diverted ourselves in watching the indolent repose of the Turks during the sale. They have a perfect confidence in the honour of the purchasers, whilst the Greek merchants, on the contrary, are extraordinarily bustling and loquacious, following every movement of the buyer with their dark cunning eyes.

The carpets, of which we bought several, are

mostly from Persia, and are distinguished by the brilliancy of the colouring and the beauty of their patterns. Their softness and warmth are well known. The materials for dresses and scarfs are prepared in a manufactory at Brussa; they are very pliant and fine. Their prices are extraordinarily low. At first we took fright at the great sums of piastres which the Turks asked for each article, but it was soon explained to us that ten of these piastres only make one florin of ordinary money. A particularly fine display of tasteful colouring is to be found in those embroidered materials intended to be made up into slippers, caps, cushions, and purses. A fine yellow silk, crossed with gold threads, gives them a bright gloss, which contrasts well with black, red, or blue ground.

Not till we had left the shops had we leisure to contemplate the crowds in the street. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Indians circulated around us. These latter were conspicuous for their intelligent sly expression, which formed a great con-

trast to the good-natured Turks, particularly as both nations wear the same costume. The Turkish women appeared amongst them with their eyes, foreheads, and noses covered by the black veil, which, so they told me, became less transparent the older they grew. From their heads, round their chins, and over their bodies hung a white cloth; beneath this, down to their ankles, appeared the pale blue trousers, finished off by yellow or violet slippers. The ladies are generally followed by black slaves, who are only covered by a thick white cloth, and leave their swollen-featured faces exposed to the gaze of the men.

One of the most remarkable sights of the town was the famous Turkish porters. These people have a kind of mattress-like cushion upon their backs and shoulders, upon which they carry burdens of five hundredweight. We were told that one of them could carry a pianoforte in this fashion. Professor G. met one bearing a complete set of furniture for a house. Four of them together can

move the most fabulous weights on thick poles laid crossways.

We frequently met Mahometans with green turbans, which look remarkably well. These descendants of the Prophet now sell figs and melons in the streets of Smyrna. Thus the great ones of the earth rise and fall.

We undertook to thoroughly explore the different parts of the bazaar. The first quarter was that devoted to vegetables. Whole mountains of melons were heaped up in the stalls. Thousands of boxes filled with figs, which are kneaded by the thumbs of the Mussulmen, and then dispatched for European palates; stores of glorious sultana raisins; broad cakes of honey and meal: all this attracts the eyes of the hungry, and brought many piastres to light.

There is one peculiar class of restaurateurs, who keep two upright spits perpetually turning in their shops. On the one, pressed together, in the shape of a column, are glowing coals. On

the other are fixed hundreds of pieces of meat, and by these two moveable columns the mutton is roasted for the Mahometans.

Some of the stalls of the bazaar are devoted to jewellery, amongst which the most beautifully engraved stones are to be found. I bought myself some of these, amongst others a talisman, on which I had my own name engraved in Turkish letters by a Mahometan in the neighbourhood of a mosque. These rich works of art are exposed in open air in the middle of the people. We were pleased by a proof of Turkish honesty at one of the jewellers' shops. Prince J. saw a silver ring with a green talisman in the glass case. The form of the trinket pleased him, and he wished to buy it, but the owner of the ring was not present. Some of the neighbours came up, broke open the case, and set a price on the ring. The prince thought it too high, they began to bargain, and the purchase was concluded without the presence of the master. In the Viennese fruit-market

matters could not have been thus managed; the police would immediately rush up, crying "Thieves! robbers!" It is only in barbarous uncivilized nations that such things are possible.

We laughed much to find in the midst of this noise and bustle a school in one of the booths, in which the schoolmaster offered his knowledge for sale. The Mahometan youth must be steadier than ours to be able to attend to the serious work of the Koran, surrounded by so much distraction; but the shouts which proceeded from these youths were something quite wonderful, being, perhaps, intended to drown the noises of the outer world.

It is particularly charming when the eye sweeps through the bazaar, and its long covered gaily-hung rooms, to rest it at the end upon a little spot, overshadowed by trees, which is the central point of from four to five streets.

Solitary rays of the sun, and blue peeps of the heavens, creep through these air-holes, and heighten the Oriental contrast of colours. Yet

the glance wanders curiously again beneath the boarded roofs, and looks into the half-darkness of the openings, finding the prettiest effects of colour and changes of light and shade in these Southern regions. From the dress of the people to the clouds of the heavens everything is strong and brilliant; therefore the painter finds it a difficult, yet fruitful, field for his art. I have seen but few pictures in Europe which give the true feeling of the East. The few, however, in which this is attained are often blamed as exaggerations.

From the bazaar we passed into a small back street, to an encampment of camels. It was a very interesting sight to see from forty to fifty of these animals in varied attitudes and groups, their yellow earthy colour scarcely distinguishable from the uneven ground on which they lay. The place was surrounded by ruinous, dirty houses. Many very young animals stepped proudly amongst the full-grown ones, and it was comical to see these little ones, scarcely four feet high, on their long

stilted legs, pressing closely against their great ungainly mothers. One of our guides fetched one of these young ones out of the pen, so that we could see it quite closely. It had a good-natured expression, and seemed quite indifferent to what was going on around it; but its mother shot angry, disagreeable glances at us. The camels, of which there are about ten thousand in Smyrna and its suburbs, are brought from the Crimea, where they abound. The height of this animal is seven feet; the length, from head to tail, may be about eight feet. The body is dust-colour, shows all its bones and muscles, and is covered by a thick skin, with very little hair. For riding, in the East, only dromedaries are used, but there are none of these in Smyrna. Camels are reserved for carrying burdens. Their huge humps are hidden by a covering, from which hang, to the right and left, baskets attached by strong straps. These beasts are fed on a dried mash, composed of spoiled flour and water.

When we expressed our admiration of the young camel to the dragoman of the Pasha, he assured us that his Highness Ali Pasha would be proud to give us such an one. Some of our travellers liked the idea, and thought it would be very easy to transport the animal upon the steam-ship. The majority, however, were against it.

After this episode we returned to the bazaar, to continue our various purchases of the productions of the country. We found continually new interest in the ever-changing pictures which offered themselves to the spectator.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TURKISH BATH.

From the mosque, and the bustling confusion of the bazaar, we betook ourselves to the bath-house, which had been prepared for us. It is in the bazaar, and is built in the cupola form, with simple Turkish ornamentations. Before the entrance is a terrace, like that of the mosques. It was surrounded by a crowd of men in bright dresses, who were probably attracted by a company of Turkish soldiers keeping guard over the bath-house in our honour. We entered, feeling somewhat embarrassed, into this genuinely Oriental room. It stood immediately next to the bath-place, and is used as

a dressing-room. It was surmounted by a beautifully-arched cupola. Stone benches ran round the walls, which are intended to be of use to the Mahometans in their preparations for the bath. Above these, are crossed wooden poles, from which curtains are hung if anybody wishes for privacy. Opposite to the entrance is a raised daïs, intended for persons of high rank. This was adorned to-day, for our use, with the most exquisite Oriental stuffs —gold-embroidered cushions, cashmeres, light woollen curtains, varied with the brightest colours, whose grouping displayed the lively, graceful Turkish taste; soft elastic carpets from Persia were spread out, to protect the bare feet from the marble. At the foot of the daïs stood a basin, from which rose a fountain, divided into eleven jets, and threw the coolest, clearest water with a soft, gurgling noise over the marble. On the edge the most lovely Southern flowers bloomed. Ali Pasha had sent them, as well as all the other luxurious arrangements. It was a real picture of Turkish magni-

ficence, a lovely pell-mell, which yet had a charming inner harmony. The room was filled with the servants of Ali, who held the costly pipes and narghilés ready, and also by the ordinary bath servants. We were reminded of the descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights,' descriptions which are generally considered by us as overdrawn, but which, in reality, have more truth than fancy about them. They made us signs to get upon the divans and undress for the bath. I was much embarrassed at making my toilet *coram publico*, and had first to accustom myself to the situation. I therefore commenced by laying myself down on a divan and smoking the excellent tobacco of the Pasha out of a rich pipe. This smoking apparatus cost, so they told us, at least from one to three thousand florins. The mouthpiece is one great bit of amber set with diamonds.

During this time our whole travelling company, who had remained making purchases in the bazaar, were assembled. Only Baron K., my brother, and

myself had made up our minds to take the bath. The others were doubtful, and feared the heat which is necessary to this Oriental purification. All who did not take part in it went on the terrace in front of the house to smoke and drink sherbet. It is my principle in travelling to do everything according to the custom of the country, as one journeys to see and to learn. It seemed absurd to remain on the divan dressed, so I betook myself, with my valet and bath assistant, into the first preparation chamber. I entered nervously, and was nearly stifled by a rush of hot damp air. To my relief, I found Baron K. already robed in his bathing costume. I undressed myself, and the Mahometans in waiting threw around my loins a soft woollen cloth, and wrapped me in a white mantle of the same stuff. My feet were placed in raised sandals, to protect them from the water streaming about the marble. I was then installed in a stone chair, furnished with cushions, and they offered me a pipe.

I had now an opportunity of examining the room; it was of stone, and had the form of a long but not very broad parallelogram. Along the walls benches also extended for resting upon. The ground was covered with water half an inch deep, which, as the heat comes from below, gives great moisture to the air. I had scarcely begun to perspire when the work of the bathing-men began. In this preparatory chamber they shampooed our bodies, in order to bring out a still stronger perspiration. There appeared to be some magnetic influence in this. The exterior appearance of these men agrees with this conjecture. They are mostly young men, with jet black eyes, which at first appear meaningless, but when lit up are full of enthusiasm and melancholy. This penetrating look they turn and fix immoveably upon the victim under their hands. Their complexions are clear, but yellow and pale. Their life in the intense heat has deprived them of all youthful freshness. The shape of their countenance is, as with all Mus-

sulmen, long and angular. Around their finely-cut, generally closed mouths often played a sorrowful mocking smile, which was very probably caused by our unskilful European manner of passing through these Turkish customs. Their figures were slender and wiry. Their hands are remarkably developed, owing to the shampooing. Their hair, according to a Mahometan custom, was shaved quite short in the front. Their dress is very simple; like the bathers, they wear bluish-grey woollen cloths, with red stripes, round their loins; the white mantle hangs from their shoulders; and on their heads they have white skull-caps.

As the perspiration had reached its highest point whilst we lay smoking and drinking coffee, owing to the shampooing and intense heat, the servants put on our sandals, and supported us into the third and principal bath-room. Our European servants we left in the first chamber, as they were no longer of any use to us. The poor creatures, whose clothing was not so light as ours, were nearly fainting from the heat.

The temperature of the third room was almost more than we could bear, but, having already come so far, we did not like to leave before our curiosity had been fully satisfied. We clattered bravely with our sandals over the damp ground.

This chamber was also crowned by a large boldly-arched cupola. In the centre we found a round raised place on the floor. It was about two feet high, and served as a couch. At four points of the round wall, little bathing cabinets were placed. The walls of these form in the middle of the principal chamber a sharp angle, ending in a little arched entrance. These walls only serve as separations, for, like those of Spain, they are at the utmost nine feet high. The upper part is open towards the cupola.

We were now taken separately into these cabinets in the interior. I found a wooden settle and two cocks for hot and cold water, which flowed into a marble basin. The stone walls were covered with thousands of black cockchafers, which, however,

Heaven be praised, flew away at the approach of man.

My bathing-man took off my mantle, after he had divested himself of his own, and I was obliged to stretch myself out on the settle, whilst he rubbed my limbs with a soft blue brush. When he had gone on in this way for some time, he took a great bundle of aloe fibres, and warm water, and produced a mass of white foam; then, desiring me to shut my eyes, he dashed it repeatedly over me from head to foot, always washing away the lather with hot water. During these operations he brought me, with an indolent air, some excellent lemonade sherbet, which was very refreshing amidst this fearful vapour.

While this cleansing process was going on, the dragoman came frequently to the little cabinet to ask how we were, and to inquire if it was our wish that everything should be done exactly as it was with the Turks. I assured him as frequently that it *was* our wish, and let everything go on without murmuring.

When the bathing-man considered me fully cleansed he slung a white linen cloth, turban fashion, round my damp hair, made me understand by signs that I was to get up, threw the mantle over my shoulders, brought me the sandals, and led me into the first room of all, where the raised divan was surrounded, tent-like, by the woollen curtains, to shelter us from the gaze of the curious.

Charles and I stretched ourselves upon the well-stuffed cushions, let ourselves be covered with gold-embroidered cloths, and tried to cool down, after the unwonted perspiration. They brought us pipes, coffee, sherbet, and excellent water. The bathing-men knelt by us, shampooing and waiting on us. The whole thing was magnificent, and gave us a capital idea of Eastern luxury. Meanwhile our remaining companions visited us and laughed at our Turkish appearance. As the perspiration would not cease, and we expected a visit from the Pasha on board our ship, we were obliged to dress, and leave the bath-house in this damp condition. I could not

say that the bath had had an agreeable effect upon me. The frightful heat makes one restless and exhausted. For lazy Mahometans, who can afterwards spend hours and hours in the "dolce far niente," smoking tobacco and sipping coffee in long draughts, it may be all very well.

CHAPTER IX.

A MORNING WITH THE PASHA OF SMYRNA.

THE Pasha had paid his visit to us in so friendly and pleasant a manner that we inquired, through our Consul, when we could make our return visit. The Pasha had invited us for this morning, with the announcement that he intended to give us a dinner in the old Turkish style. Our pleasure can easily be imagined at being thus enabled to make our journey through the East in this original way, seeing one peculiar custom after another.

At eleven o'clock in the morning we went to the Consulate and put on full uniform, which

looked strangely ridiculous amongst the Eastern costumes and motley crowd in the streets. We then betook ourselves to the bad neglected quay. Here the Pasha's boat awaited us. It was a long but narrow construction, made from the most beautiful carved wood, and was manned by twelve Turkish sailors, who had a very neat and sober appearance in their white shirts and red fez.

The descent into the narrow vessel beneath the scarlet roof was rather difficult, encumbered as we were by our swords and spurs. A part of our company found no room in it, but for these a second boat was ready. We pushed off and flew over the foaming waves to the Turkish town, at the commencement of which are to be found palaces and barracks. The rowers move their long curved oars with extraordinary rapidity, and in as good time as if they had practised with a metronome. I heard that these people row on for whole days without resting, beneath this glowing heat, so that at last they suffer from a kind of feverish

ecstasy, and go almost out of their mind, groaning with an uniform dull noise.

I sat in the boat upon an elegant red silk cushion, and, on account of the want of space, crossed my legs. This cannot look very picturesque in the European dress. We approached the landing-place in front of the palace. The gardens were prepared for our reception, and genuine Turkish music was heard as we advanced. We stepped on shore. Beautiful Arab horses, belonging to the Pasha, were led up to us. They were covered with magnificent blue gold-and-silver-embroidered housings, and their bridles were exquisitely carved. We preferred, however, to go the short distance on foot. The guards surrounded us. A confused music proceeded from all possible instruments, and thus, amid a stream of people, we entered, with Oriental pomp, into the inner palace-room of Ali Pasha.

A great number of armed servants, in the old Turkish costume, lined the way till we reached

the Governor. They bore the most beautiful arms, chiefly of pure silver. The guards who accompanied us, unhappily, no longer wore the old costume, and looked very pitiful in their new dress. The dirty coat hung so awkwardly, so colourlessly upon them, whilst the old costume had something noble, historically interesting, agreeing with the lively colours of the land of the sun.

The proverb "Dress makes the man" shows itself here as true, only in the contrary sense to the rest of Europe, for the *common* people keep to the old regulations in Smyrna, and still more in Constantinople, producing an imposing original impression, since this dress becomes the beard and figure of the Mussulmans, whilst the *authorities* and military look very mean in their modern garb. You involuntarily think, when you look at them, of the fall of the Turkish empire, for with such figures mingling feebly amongst the people the Sublime Porte loses its prestige, and the Christians of the Turkish kingdom will soon cease to tremble

at a Pasha or Bey who so unsuccessfully attempts to imitate European fashion, instead of his being considered as formerly "the Scourge of God." Thus the idea of the great Ottoman empire will be lost, as the German river Rhine loses itself in the sands. "Dress makes the man."

The palace of Ali is built of wood, after the Turkish manner, as the Moslems, in accordance with the commands of the Koran, only look upon their houses as temporary places of rest, for it is their peculiar vocation to spread the Koran with fire and sword over the whole universe; so it is only a truce, not a peace, that they have now concluded with the Christians.

On the lowest step of the wooden staircase one of the principal officials, attended by a number of servants, received us. Next to the Pasha, he holds the highest rank in the state. He was a kind of police officer, and appeared to be a good-natured Mahometan spy, who would, however, not have been thought worthy to fill this office in Vienna.

Ali had good reason to know his political abilities, as he spends his whole morning in friendly intercourse with him. The poor man was greatly afraid of an unfavourable report to the ministry at Constantinople, who are not very well disposed towards the Pasha, because he belongs to the Turkish *reaction*.

As we could not use the sign of "pigtail" to him, we will designate him a Mahometan "long-beard," for this is really the symbol of the old regiments. We called this Oriental spy of the police shortly "Your Turkish Excellence," because the Governor and the dragoman always gave him the title of "son Excellence." He smote repeatedly upon his stomach, mouth, and forehead, as signs of the highest esteem. I do not know if he meant to express by these that his stomach was the most developed part, and that the brain was secondary to that and to the mouth. I do not know; but it is certain that the Pasha welcomed us with the same signs on the upper landing of the steps.

The countenance of the Pasha bore the impression of good-nature. He is not very tall, but extraordinarily fat, and round his mouth played a kind of smile. His head is broad, his eyes are mild, and not without intelligence. A few brown locks peeped beneath his fez, which threatened every moment to slip off, and caused him to make comical movements with his hand. The Governor wore only a moderately-short beard, as an official of the modern times, for here it is considered as a sign of opposition to the Turkish reaction, with its dervish-like Jesuitical intrigues, to shorten the beard, whilst with us, on the contrary, if you wish to become a minister, or at least a privy counsellor, you must manage it as did Fra Diavolo. With us the free "Ego," the liberal knowledge of modern times, shows itself by the greatest possible elongation of the face, by means of the beard. Everywhere men subject themselves to self-imposed fashions.

The coat worn by the Pasha was of dark-blue cloth, with very rich gold embroidery; his inex-

pressibles were of white cloth, with gold stripes. Round his neck he had on the badge which belongs to him as brother-in-law of the Sultan. It consists of a string of diamonds, and two little tassels of the same, also the name of the Sultan in brilliants. His breast was adorned with a Russian order of St. Andrew, which he received in the year 1827, when he was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, he having greatly distinguished himself in the war, and been the only man of whom the Russians were afraid. Round his loins was girded a very magnificent sabre, in a sheath of "peau de chagrin," set with diamonds.

In the first large lobby a still greater number of servants were collected. The Turks particularly pride themselves upon having a great number of slaves and servants. Ali led us, with signs of the greatest respect, into a drawing-room opening from the hall, whose long rows of windows offered a magnificent view of the sea, and admitted a reviving breeze from this ever-beautiful element.

The walls and ceiling of the chamber were painted a clear grey. Gold stripes ran round the cornice, with Oriental devices. Two sides were almost entirely glass, the windows being only separated by thin rafters. A part of the town and the whole of the harbour were visible through these casements. By the window-sills stood divans, sofas, and easy-chairs. Between the two rounded corners, near the entrance-door, the wall is extraordinarily richly adorned with gold. In the centre of it the Sultan's name is written in gold characters upon the blue ground. Beneath these, in the wooden wainscot, are little drawers, in which they keep the most precious curiosities, souvenirs, and papers. This appears to be the family sanctuary, and, owing to a great square table which stands before it, resembles a chapel. Upon the ground are spread beautifully-worked mats. The rest of the furniture is brought by the Turks from Trieste and Vienna; in this room it was made of prettily-carved walnut wood, and covered with black horsehair.

The Pasha offered my brother and myself arm-chairs by the windows opposite the town, so that we could see into the room, and out towards the sea. Ali seated himself by our side.

The remaining gentlemen, who had come in the first boat, scattered themselves on the divans. A conversation was then commenced between us and the Governor, by means of an interpreter, who translated into French. By Ali's questions we could perceive that he was not without education, and his genuine Turkish flatteries were well chosen, flowery, and almost witty.

Soon after, the company of the second boat arrived. The gentlemen were introduced by the Austrian Consul-General to the Pasha, who said to them, in a friendly manner, that he hoped they would all do their duty, and that the doctor alone would never have an opportunity of doing his. I could scarcely keep from laughing at the astonishment of my friends. The sleek, plain, ugly coats look so peculiarly ridiculous amongst the Eastern

luxury, whilst the stout amiable house-court-and-state Recorder of his Apostolic Majesty, whose features expressed a desire to laugh, opposite a Governor and Pasha of an Asiatic province of the Sublime Porte, formed quite a magnificent "tableau de genre."

After these gentlemen were seated, a crowd of servants at a given sign streamed in, carrying extraordinarily beautiful chibouques, from seven to eight feet long, in lance fashion, on their arms. They measured the distance from us to the ground very adroitly with their sharp eyes, and placed the bowl of the pipe so cleverly on the floor that the mouthpiece reached exactly to our lips. This knack is considered as a mark of "bon ton" amongst the Turkish households. They then knelt down, laid under each pipe a metal saucer, containing a few coals, and fanned the favourite weed into a smoky glow. All this is done with wonderful readiness; it is only a pity that these servants wear the new livery.

We recognized the pipe we had used in the bath. I was perfectly astounded at the number of these articles of luxury, showing to what a pitch it has come in Turkey.

The Sultan once issued a proclamation against the great extravagance in pipes, as some of his Pashas had, in the full sense of the word, been ruined through these costly toys. For our good Ali there is nothing to fear, as he is very rich. His revenue as Governor of Smyrna alone brings him in not less than eighty thousand florins.

During the conversation he suddenly called our dear Dr. F. to him, and through the interpreter begged him to feel his pulse, as it was an honour for him that he should perform the same office on him that he practised every morning on us. The physician did as he was commanded, and assured his Highness that his pulse was remarkably strong and healthy, at which our friendly host broke out into a hearty laugh. He also inquired of the doctor if there had been any remedy dis-

covered for cholera, and did not appear pleased at being answered in the negative, for the terror of this complaint in the East is very great.

The servants appeared once more, bringing coffee. This frequently-used drink is served up in small saucers, which are placed on egg-cup-shaped pedestals. Ordinarily these are of porcelain; here they were of rose-coloured enamel, studded with diamonds. The coffee is very hot, and is drunk with the grounds, and without sugar. It is not so bad as might be supposed.

When the pipes were half smoked out, the servants carried them away, and re-appeared with them newly filled for use. Suddenly we heard a bell ring, and three stately, gaily-ornamented camels appeared in the square before the palace, surrounded by picturesquely-dressed drivers. A spectacle of quite a new sort was to be shown us—a camel fight—a thing I had never so much as heard of in Europe.

Towards the end of the year the males become

enraged, hunt each other, and bite and kick like the cocks in the combats in England. Unfortunately, the trial of this day did not succeed; only the strongest of these animals, when urged on by the driver, attempted to bite a weaker one, foaming several times at the mouth; his opponent however, only groaned pitifully and soon gave up his ground.

Although this sport had not succeeded, the sight of these huge beasts had greatly interested us. Suddenly our host disappeared, for what reason is still unknown to us. Some time afterwards he returned very much out of breath, and invited us to the table. He went before us, as appears to be the custom in the East, with a dignified air, into the lobby, where we were received by the ever-ready bows of his servants. From thence he led us through a small door, hung with thick curtains, into the dining-room.

This room offered a charming picture of the fantastic, graceful land of the sun. The walls and

the ceiling were covered tent-like with elegant white moiré silk, striped with red and bunches of flowers. On one side, as in the saloon, ran a long row of high windows, beneath which was placed a wide luxurious green divan. Wooden railings protected us from the gaze of the curious. Upon the ground lay reed mats, and above these rich carpets.

In the middle of the rooms were two large plateaux of *vermeil*, upon tripods covered with rich stuffs. These formed the dining-tables, at which, according to Turkish fashions, only six or seven people sit down. The company therefore divided into two parties. We seated ourselves on some soft cushions, with our expectations regarding the coming meal greatly raised. Ali Pasha, Prince J., Baron K., the Consul-General, my brother, and I constituted the company at the first table.

Each of the guests had in front of him a black-and-white spoon set with coral, a gold-embroidered towel of "baptiste," resembling a pocket-handker-

chief, a roll of fine white bread, half of which was cut up in long parallelograms, and several elegantly chased saucers in "vermeil" and silver, in which were costly sultana raisins, sardines, caviare, cucumber, salad, and sour milk, water, and sweet melons. These last were so ripened by the Southern sun that they melted like sugar on the tongue.

These various "hors d'œuvres" we ate as we pleased during the meal. Not a bad arrangement, as in the Oriental dinners the sweet and the sour are handed alternately.

The servants tied gold-embroidered napkins across our laps and shoulders, which gave us a very ridiculous appearance. This is, however, very necessary, as liquids alone were eaten with a spoon; the rest we were obliged to tear with our hands.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves than the room filled with attendants, who amused themselves greatly at our expense, laughing at our astonishment and unskilful manners. On the middle of

the table they laid a small round leather cushion, upon which the dishes were placed one after the other. The number of these was more than twenty. They were all of white and blue porcelain. As it may be interesting to European "gourmets," I give the bill of fare.

The first dish was some macaroni soup, which might have done honour to a French cook. Then followed some roast mutton, stuffed with rice, remarkable for its tenderness and excellence. The soup we had eaten with spoons, but into this dish the Pasha thrust his soft thick hand, and gave us to understand we might follow his bold example. All threw themselves like wild beasts upon the roast, and soon the filaments were loosened; and brought to our mouths, with a good deal of want of skill. Out of particular politeness and courtesy, the Governor tore off a soft bone and presented it to me with an amiable smile, exactly as if it had been a flower.

We were somewhat embarrassed to know where

to put our remaining bones, but the Pasha helped us out of this difficulty by signing to us to let them drop on the gilt table. These "beaux restes" from the Oriental meal remained strewn, throughout the dinner, all over the table, offering a not very edifying spectacle to the eyes of the guests.

After this little episode came a flat white dish of puff paste, called by the Turks "börek." Ali made use of a happy moment when we were not attending, and raised up the centre of the pie, whereupon, to our great astonishment, a goldfinch flew out. Our merry host laughed immoderately at this specimen of Turkish wit. It appears that these naïve surprises are the highest degree of good taste in Smyrna, for the Pasha told me I might relate this little anecdote to my relations in my next letter.

By way of finishing this dish agreeably, he took a slice of the pastry, and rolled it into a sort of ball, which he threw gracefully into his widely-stretched mouth.

After this they brought us lemonade sherbet, in very elegant French or Saxon porcelain rococo cups. Bad as this drink is in the West, it is most refreshing and good in the East. The courses are changed with extraordinary rapidity, and the reviving drink vanished only too soon. It was replaced by baked fish, with little raisins. This mixture sounds nasty, but in reality it was not so bad as we thought it would be. Then followed a very good pudding, called "kataif;" after that "patlitsha," a dish of meat with a "macédoine" of vegetables, of which the principal ingredient was a very highly-flavoured plant that grows in the neighbourhood.

We helped ourselves to all these dishes, which were in a half-soft condition, with the aid of the pieces of bread, laying them on our forefingers, and using them with the help of our thumbs. Many elegant European ladies and finely-educated dandies would shrink with horror at this natural method of taking up food. I only permit myself

this remark: there is no very great difference in eating with clean-washed fingers out of a great dish, in which, if the guests are skilful, their fingers need not come at all in contact with those of their neighbours, to a dinner amongst delicately-nurtured Europeans who eat with forks, which have already been used by hundreds of people. It is all custom and fancy.

The Governor told us that he had found it very difficult to eat with a fork when in St. Petersburg. The Turks laugh as much at the manners of the unbelievers as we at theirs.

After the "patlitsha" they brought us good roast sea-fish, then some fried rice balls, which the Turks find means of squeezing whole into their mouths with their flat hands. Next came rice, with apples of paradise; after that "halliva," a kind of jelly; then a very sweet and good dish of honey, then again "bombar," *i.e.* sausages filled with rice. This last was, perhaps, the nicest of all the dishes.

The Pasha, by encouraging words, obliged us to partake of everything. Once, when Prince J., quite out of breath, wished to stop, Ali immediately assured him that a soldier must eat more than other people. A transparent sea-colour dish of sweetmeat, called lokma, was the next in order. It was almost nauseous from its great sweetness. Tank-goksi, a white panada, made out of finely-minced chickens' breasts and almonds, came next. I thought this dish horrible, but some of the guests praised it extremely. A turkey followed.

When one of the meats was brought up, Ali signed to the servant to put his hands in the dish and tear it up, so that it might be more easily helped by the guests. A very short and practical manner of dealing!

Now came macaroni-cheese, quite in the European way; then followed an excellent "*compôt*" of peaches; then kabak dolma, a preparation of stuffed gourds, a dish European epicures would have taken to very readily if it had not come

immediately after the sweet *compôt.* The conclusion of the rich and varied meal was the pilau, a great pile of rice, strewn with little currants. After this succession of dishes had all disappeared, "urchas," a swimming *compôt,* was handed round in elegant glass cups. This somewhat strong, but not very pleasant drink, supplies the place of wine with the Mahometans. During the dinner it had only twice fallen to my lot to obtain some good fresh water.

The meal, so interesting a spectacle for travellers, was now ended. We seated ourselves by the window-sills on the green divan, and they brought us soap and water in beautiful cans and basins of *vermeil,* in order that we might perform the very necessary washings of our hands. During these ablutions the Pasha, who also washed his face, appeared to murmur a prayer. After this ceremony was accomplished, Ali led us back into the grey drawing-room, and our tobacco-pipes were again brought to us.

We were now diverted by an Egyptian-Moorish dance, which the Pasha caused to be executed on the same place where the camel-fight had failed. The negroes played themselves a monotonous music with drums and "cinelli." The dance was peculiar, graceful, and warlike. The negroes hit each other with sticks, and made springs like wild tigers.

A national dance is always interesting, as it expresses the character of the nation. The tarantella is full of wild enthusiasm; the bolero, noble and fiery; the mazourka, light and graceful; whilst in this dance we saw the savage warlike tribes who dance round the corpses of the enemy, or of the vanquished lion.

When we had contemplated this spectacle for some time, the Pasha asked us if we should now like to see the barracks and the troops; we accepted this offer gladly. Before taking leave we went to the cabinet in the wainscot, beneath the name of the Sultan. It was filled with champagne,

figs, grapes, and costly sultanas. I seized a glass of the sparkling French wine, and asked the Pasha if we might drink his health in the European fashion. He responded to our toast, proposing that of our monarch. The name of the Emperor he lisped in the Turkish custom, with only a few whispered words. He then drank our healths, and we the Sultan's.

I saw on this occasion that the Turks, in spite of the Koran, do not refrain from a glass of sparkling champagne. They allege, in excuse for this, that this wine was discovered after Mahomet's death.

We bade farewell to our hearty, friendly host, to whom we had taken quite a fancy during our short visit, and were shown out with the same ceremonies with which we had been received.

We betook ourselves to the barracks. These consisted in a very roomy two-storied building, with a centre and two side wings. Towards the fourth side it is open, and a railing encloses the

whole court. It stands immediately on the edge of the sea, so that the air in the beautiful rooms, with their many windows, is always healthy and fresh.

The General in command of the building is at the head of two regiments. Only one regiment, however, was then in the barracks, the other being on march. Each regiment had two colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and four-and-twenty lieutenants. The regiment is divided into four battalions, the battalion into two companies.

The General, who bears the title of "military governor," received us beneath the gate of the dark-red-coloured building. We visited the rooms on the first floor. The passages are extraordinarily high, wide, and airy, and remarkably clean. The rooms are large and comfortable. Forty to sixty men are in each storey. Each man has a thin palliasse, a little pillow, and a blanket, all of a dark colour. The whole bed can be packed into his knapsack. The soldiers lie close to each other on

the ground. Their dress consists of a low red fez, a blue jacket, and white linen trousers. They wear black shoes when they go outside the barracks, but indoors they go barefooted, which is very conducive to cleanliness. Their straps are of white leather; their pouches tolerably large. Their firearms are long, the stocks brown; their knapsacks are narrow and high, and are covered with brown leather.

I could not sufficiently express my admiration to the Governor, and assured him that, even in Europe, the cleanliness of his military building might be useful as an example, a compliment which appeared to flatter the commandant considerably.

We were now led into a kind of balcony, containing a reception-room, in the middle of the centre wing on the first floor. From here they begged us to watch some of the movements of the regiment. We assured the gentleman, however, that, instead of reclining upon the soft cushions of the divan, we would prefer going to the court

in order to admire the troops more closely. This attention pleased the Turks extremely, and I heard of it later, in a letter from Constantinople. They are not accustomed to such close inspection from the Sultan. A magnificent chamber is therefore arranged on the second floor for his Ottoman Majesty in every barrack. From thence he can contemplate the believing children of Mahomet, as out of a cloud; that is to say, his body alone is seen assisting at these warlike spectacles, for the dull spirit of the young prince does not take pleasure in such matters. He prefers giving himself up to the enjoyment of his pipe, and cares more for his army of seven hundred wives than for the defenders of his country. Thus, although the interpreter said to me, with a good deal of intelligence, "Cette chambre est réservée pour le grand Sultan, puisque les soldats sont ses enfants, et le père doit toujours loger parmi ses enfants," this would have sounded more prettily if it had not been a mere form of speech.

The regiment was drawn out in the great court. All the officers were on foot: I believe the general alone possessed a horse. The four battalions formed in line, and began a short exercise in firing. At first each battalion shot by turns, during which the first row knelt down in the old fashion, so that three lines could fire at once; then followed a charge from the whole front, a running fire, and the formation of an entire square. The firing was very good, the discharge was like one shot, and the re-loading marvellously quick. The remaining movements were not so well executed. They are still made in the old-fashioned style. The filing off was particularly bad; it was directed by a tall black negro lieutenant.

Meanwhile the band played in a very wild and strange manner. Once it attempted something from Flotow's 'Martha,' but it came utterly to grief. The Turkish word of command, in the native tongue, sounds very loud and imposing, and is obeyed by the troops very quickly.

The characteristic type of a people is never better seen than in a division of an army. Where all are clothed alike, and all are of the same height, the similarity of features becomes remarkably evident. The Turkish type consists in a rather short retreating forehead, in marked beautifully-arched eyebrows, in sharp oval eyes, a long and slightly-curving nose, an indolent mouth, with thick underlips, and a long oval chin. Their complexion is of an olive tint. The troops only wear moustaches, the full beard, as I said before, having been prohibited as being associated too forcibly with the tyranny of the Janissaries.

After the filing off of the troops, we expressed our admiration and thanks to the General, and left the barracks. It appears that the Turks know how to make a good use of the experiences they gained in the revolution, as the palace of the Governor is close to the barracks. If the Turkish monarchy is weak and rotten at the core, the weakness is not caused by the revolution. The downfall of

an ancient colossus, which once has had a mighty part, is not so deplorable as the fearful weakness of the European Christian states, who, hating revolutions, would gladly put an end to them, but, with a childish weakness, shrink from the means, and only venture to give them sly underhand stabs in the dark.

It is religion which keeps this kingdom together. If Mahomet is once buried, his Crescent will no longer illumine the richest and most beautiful countries of the earth. If Turkey is to be subjugated, her religion must be uprooted. If European nations are to be overthrown, the Cross must be destroyed.

During the morning the sea had been rather rough. It was therefore proposed that we should go back to the Consulate through the town, on the horses the Pasha had sent for us. We did not accept the offer, because we did not like the idea of becoming a spectacle for all Smyrna on these magnificently-caparisoned chargers. Another mode of

returning would have been to go on foot along the uneven pavements, through the glowing heat, and in full uniform! I, however, who love the rough sea and toss gladly on the mighty waves, decided to make my way back in the boat of Ali. I promised myself great enjoyment from this delightful passage through the magic harbour of Smyrna. My example was followed by my brother, Count G., the Consul-General, and the dragoman. The others did not appear to relish the idea of the heaving and sinking waves; they preferred creeping back wearisomely on foot.

We pushed off briskly from the shore, and I rejoiced at my choice. We sailed quickly in the cool sea-breeze, past mountains and valleys, watching the cheerful scenes in the harbour. The red awning protected us from the hot rays of the sun, and we could contemplate the noble panorama of the town at our leisure.

We had been resting some time on the sofas in the Consulate, lost in happy recollections of our

merry and eventful morning, before our friends came in, panting and half dead from fatigue and heat. We pitied them for their long tiring walk over the uneven pavements, particularly after the copious meal they had partaken of. Secretly I laughed in my sleeve, and thought the dancing waves were preferable to the rugged road.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP TO BURNABÁ.

Smyrna, 20th September, 1850.

It was one of the beautiful clear days of the South; the sky was bright blue; the air warm, yet not oppressive. All these circumstances tempted us to accept the offer of the Pasha and the Consul, and to make an expedition to Burnabá.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, after a heavy luncheon, we left the deck of the 'Vulcan.' The boats soon landed us on the coast of Asia, and a few steps brought us to the door of the Consulate. Here the Pasha's horses awaited us. They were fine beasts, richly caparisoned. Their long and

broad housings were covered with gold embroidery; their bits and stirrups were of glittering gilt bronze. These latter shone like trophies of war. We seated ourselves on horseback, and, surrounded by numbers of Turkish officers, and a kind of irregular guard of the Pasha's, passed through the streets of Smyrna.

In order to reach the heights and the open country, we were obliged to go through the Armenian town. All the inhabitants rushed to the windows and doors, and the streets were lined by the noble Orientals, with their fine countenances and almond-shaped eyes, eagerly awaiting the entry of an Asiatic prince in his costly attire, whilst, O bathos! they only beheld a pair of miserable Europeans in stiff summer coats, surmounted by tall black cylinders, riding on Ali's magnificent chargers.

We came soon to a very pretty, and, if the story may be believed, interesting spot in the upper part of Smyrna. Here, we were told, was the happy birthplace of the first-born of the Muses, the

divine Homer, he who first used the enchanting language of poetry. Even if the tradition is false, it is a pretty invention, for no spot could be more worthy of the honour. Tall plantain-trees overshadow the favoured place, forming arches with their smooth branches, and crowns with their many-pronged leaves, on one side of a piece of water. Beyond, on the further shore of this water, a quiet, solemn, death-like looking thicket of cypresses rises towards the sky, whilst, as symbols of a later period in history, the forms of the spectre-like graves of the Turks lie scattered between the dark trees. A bridge, painted in bright colours, is visible, stretching across the river. It was built especially for Smyrna, and is of great importance, as thousands and thousands of camels cross it constantly, carrying the rich products of the soil to this mart of the East. We stepped over this old structure, and entered the cemetery of the Mussulmen.

A peculiar solemnity and impressive calm reigned

in this place. The tall cypresses—those living minarets, announcing death, however, by their presence—stood in order at equal distances from each other; between them are innumerable graves, which consist of upright slabs of stone, most of them placed in straight lines.

The graves of the men are distinguished by a turban engraved upon the upper part; those of the women are without this distinction, for woman in the East plays no important part in life. Before many of the slabs a low stone railing is placed, like those which, on the mountains with us, are often made of wood. The newer graves are painted with bright colours, and, instead of the turban, we see the Turkish fez upon them. On the stone slabs are engraved the names of the dead, and a text from the Koran.

Two things pleased me with the Turks—first, they never destroy or desecrate with their own hands the graves of their ancestors, but leave it to time to do this; and, secondly, they do not thrust

the bones of the dead into narrow, close coffins, but lay them in the lap of Mother Earth.

I far prefer the Turkish churchyards to ours; there is more purity, simplicity, and natural charm in them than in ours, where I am often inclined to believe I see a theatrical heathen triumphal monument instead of a Christian burial-place. But worse than all are those of the Italians, where the rich are separate from the poor, a large place, surrounded by arcades, being devoted to the former, whilst the poor lie in an open space, their graves only distinguished from those of dogs by a short, numbered, wooden mark; and if you wish to know the name or title of any one you must go to the library, and turn over a catalogue. In our materialistic age such things can happen. Man analyses himself as though he were an automaton, and by thus familiarizing himself with his own flesh and blood he loses, as is natural, all respect for dead bones. Our forefathers knew the beautiful feeling which shows itself in Turkish churchyards, and

we find the same in many parts of the high mountain districts.

We left the great thicket of cypresses, mounted our horses, and continued our way to Burnabá. We passed through a very fruitful neighbourhood, with a most abundant vegetation. We could easily believe here the riches of the Turkish countries. The most magnificent grapes twined themselves over the healthy fig-trees. The famous sugar-melons of Smyrna grew between the rich ears of wheat. Everything has the appearance of plenty; yet we could see that Mother Nature is the great artist amidst this splendid luxuriance.

We frequently met trains of camels and mules, laden with the fruit of the country, on all sides; wherever the eye could span we beheld something new and enchanting. As we descended into a broad plain, over which a few trees were scattered, the oddly-dressed guards of the Pasha, armed with firelocks and sabres, began to swarm round us. They spurred on their horses faster and faster,

raising their voices in wild cries. The dust flew in clouds from the hoofs of their horses, which, crossing each other continually from each side of the road, gave a picture of warlike strife. It looks well when these brown sons of the East, in their picturesque costumes, dash up in these dust-clouds on their fiery little steeds from between the trees, their swords swinging, their muskets prepared to fire, with their wild movements, and wilder battle-cry. How I lamented that we could not do the same upon our parade horses! Unfortunately, these representative beasts can only be ridden Turkish fashion, at a foot's pace, and are only used by the Pasha on great occasions, as when he goes in procession to the mosque. Out of courtesy to the friendly Ali, we were obliged to go the first part of the way at an imposing procession-pace, making occasional not very dignified capers; but, after some trial to our patience, help was procured. We came to a paper-mill, and, assuring our escort, in the most polite manner, that we were anxious to take par-

ticular care of these noble animals, we sprang from our horses, and, selecting lighter-footed ones from amongst our suite, were soon off again, to our great delight, at a quicker pace. We could not have managed the affair in a better manner; the Turks did not seem to be at all angry. Thus, laughing and joking, we came with our numerous train to Burnabá.

This elegant villeggiatura—the summer retreat of the Turks, in which the most various European races go for the hot-season holiday—lies upon a mountain, and, owing to its charming and richly-planted gardens, looks quite lovely and cheerful. The community is large; but it is a pity that the Oriental custom of enclosing everything with high walls prevents one, on entering the town, from seeing any of the gardens or houses. In the Turkish part is a bazaar, which was, however, very dirty and small, so that the streets offered little to interest us. We were, however, permitted to take a further look at the magnificence and comforts

of the dwellers in this Southern land. It is a characteristic difference between the Eastern and European people that the inhabitant of the West wishes to make a show of his treasures, opens his gardens to the public gaze, and tries, in every way, to make others admire his possessions. The Oriental, on the contrary, shuts up and guards his treasures with jealous care between the four protecting walls, makes himself a paradise within them, and enjoys it in silence with the initiated household; at the utmost, he permits fame to speak of its secret unknown wonders. Therefore in the East everything has the charm of novelty, whilst familiarity in Europe produces satiety.

Through the goodness of the Consul-General, we were allowed to enter the garden of a rich banker, of the name of B., a native of Trieste. The owner received us most courteously on the threshold, and led us to a charming pavilion in his garden, which gave us a striking picture of the luxuriant taste of the East. The floor was

of marble, separated into two compartments, one part being raised. The divaned wall ran round these, pierced by numerous windows, between which were candelabra, set in gold-rimmed concave mirrors; on the floor rich carpets were spread; in the lower division of the room was a finely-sculptured marble basin, into which eleven little jets of water trickled down with a delicious murmur; the water which flowed away formed afterwards outside the building a little lake, shaded by trees, which was surrounded by a rockwork and filled with gold fish, and preserved a delightful coolness in the pavilion.

The garden was planted with orange-trees, and other shrubs belonging to this climate. After we had gone over it, the most delicious refreshments were offered to us in the pavilion. They consisted of ices, and the famous preserved fruits of Smyrna. It is the custom to offer these in all houses on the arrival of strangers.

We next visited the house of an Armenian,

from whose upper room we had a glorious view of the valley, the town, and the gulf. Happy the man who can always see such a magic picture from the window of his house! The garden of the Armenian is luxuriant, and full of shade; but the most beautiful that we saw in this lovely spot was at Mr. W.'s, a rich Englishman, who was at the same time a merchant and a banker.

As we stepped into the garden, we found an elegant company assembled in front of the house, surrounded by cypresses, and other fine plants. It was a picture of comfort to see how these ladies and gentlemen gave themselves up to the *dolce far niente* of this glorious evening, whilst on every side flowers shed their delicious odours, a parrot shook out its brilliant plumage, the trees raised their proud heads majestically into the infinite blue vault of heaven, the beautiful verandahed house united in one still harmony in the balmy Southern air and pure evening twilight. Such a

sight penetrates the heart of a stranger, and he thinks those people happy who live in such a paradise.

Mrs. W., the daughter-in-law of the possessor, a beautiful woman, though a little too stout, with a soft angelical expression and regular features, came to meet us, and led us into the interior of the house. Here European luxury reigned in the delicious Southern climate. We saw that an English spirit presided, from the comfortable and tasteful arrangement of the rich furniture. After a somewhat ordinary conversation, we again went to the garden, which Mrs. W. very kindly gave us an opportunity of admiring. From one of the terraces we had a glorious view over the valley and the high mountains, which shone magically in the fading light. When we returned we were again offered "confitures," and Mr. W.'s son, a lean comical-looking little man, with a white jacket and a white hat, introduced himself to us, a remarkable contrast to his stout, yet handsome wife,

dressed in black. After we had left this garden, and gone through several others, we again spent some little time with Mr. B., and then jumped upon our horses and set off for our ride home.

It was night, but such a night as the fancy of Northerners cannot paint. It could only be enjoyed on the luxuriant shores of Asia Minor. The vaults of heaven were infinitely clear, not a sound was to be heard, repose reigned on the broad sea, and, like a victor over the hot bustling day, the full moon rose majestically behind the grand heights of Smyrna. The shadows threw sharp outlines, there was a silvery shimmer through the foliage, the country was changed as by the magic wand of a fairy.

We spurred on our horses, and galloped towards the town, through the vague mysterious moonlight; the Turkish graves shone out like rows of spectres between the dark sorrowful cypresses. And now we reached the town, and passed through a few narrow streets, and were soon upon the deck of

the dear 'Vulcan,' where, after an enjoyable meal, we again rejoiced in the lovely view of the glittering sea, the white sharply-defined minarets and cupolas, the great masses of houses, and the distant mountains.

CHAPTER XI.

ON SEEING CORFU.

The morning dawned; the sun rose, and shed a deep peace over the silver floods and the high mountains of Albania; rapidly the steamer rushed through the waves, and we sped quickly past the smaller Ionian islands, which rose like the backs of great sea-monsters out of the water. Then we beheld the extreme point of the fertile island of Corfu. A few yards alongside of her coast brings one to the fortress which crowns the town. This English colonial fort can only be compared to a crown of thorns.

The island consists chiefly of mountainous

ground, and is overgrown with the freshest and most beautiful wood, presenting a refreshing sight to the eye. The whole country is like a great park, in which a few solitary home settlements are to be found. These have a neat well-built appearance, and do not make the same sorrowful impression as some of the scattered Greek villages, rising in irregular forms above the uncultivated ground.

It is a pleasant sight to see beautifully-built villas in the midst of Southern vegetation, cultured with a gardener's care. The rocks on the seashore contrast excellently with them. We must confess that the English understand how to force everything that comes in their way into beauty and cultivation, for even the rocky Malta is now covered with the freshest green.

The nearer we approached the town, the more numerous were the country houses.

At a little distance an English ship was anchored, from whence they were shooting at a black

target floating in the sea. This little manœuvre amused me extremely; it was ridiculous to see how the ball popped up again from ten to twenty times in the water behind the target, so that the sea foamed like a waterfall. The British seamen did not hit their small mark often, certainly. As we were obliged to pass within range, some began to ask if we might not be hit, but the shooting stopped a little while as we went by.

The rocks commanding the town disappeared more and more, and the beautiful settlement of the British was displayed before our eyes. The high points of the fortress stood out ruggedly against the blue sky; around it the most magnificent gardens and beautifully-built houses were formed into terraces. At the foot of this fortress stood rows of stone bastions, which appeared to spring out of the floods; at the extreme corner of one of these was situated the Governor's garden, well shaded by fine large trees. At the end of these, near the town, stands a great grey stone palace, consisting

of several wings, whose rooms are protected from the heat by tall green "jalousies."

This extensive and imposing building is the seat of the tyrant whom the free British power has set over the poor islanders as protector. They thought in the town that we were going to land. We, however, steered into a kind of broad canal, which was formed by a barren rocky island immediately before the town.

The latter has an elegant, clean appearance. Large well-built houses give signs of wealth, and are vouchers for England's practical luxury and merchant-like comfort. The place is surrounded by the most delightful green hills, from whence the homely English cottages peep forth invitingly. On the island lying opposite the town is another fortification, into which we strangers were admitted.

They told us that every morning a hundred English soldiers were taken over in skiffs from the town to this island, and taken back again in the

evening. It is supposed they have taken some oath of secresy, for nobody knows what they have to do on this mysterious land; but it is thought they may be trying to unite the two islands by a tunnel under the sea. We stopped before the town for a few minutes, in order to get news from the Lloyd steamship, then at anchor. Immediately up came John Bull, with his sailors arrayed in white. He was the captain of the harbour, who, in an obliging manner, brought us the "pratica," in order to receive a large "tip" on the occasion. We answered him that we did not intend to land in any case. He still, however, wished to know from our captain, who was on board; and when he did not find this out, rowed away with a very gloomy countenance.

During this pause we were able to examine the town at our leisure. As it was the hour of the siesta, there was very little movement in the streets. The number of ships in the roadstead was also small, for the cholera was raging in the

Ionian Islands, impeding the trade for a while. We again set sail, and continued our flight. Towards the end of the island its shores approached the Albanian coast. In the middle of this narrow water there exists a small strongly-formed bit of rock, on which rests just as small a light-house tower. It is called by a very disagreeable name, viz. "The Mangy," probably from the peculiar formation of the rock. An old broken-down soldier vegetates upon this little spot. Soon the last point of the island vanished from our eyes, and we steered joyfully for our beloved Fatherland.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO DAYS IN THE BOCCHE DI CATTARO.

VERY early in the morning I threw on my clothes, and was the first on deck. A healthy fresh air blowing from my beloved Austria, which I beheld again now for the first time, strengthened my limbs, and I contemplated with delight the sunrise over the dark blue mountains of Dalmatia. A light soft mist rested upon the still waters, and gave a rosy hue to the stars; but the vapours soon disappeared, and, large and majestic, the sun rose before my grateful eyes. The fresh light gave colour and life to the melancholy mountains; rocks, woods, and solitary little hamlets were disclosed to

the gaze, which rested with delight on the aspect of home. My fellow-travellers soon came up, and we greeted each other with mutual pleasure upon the Austrian waters. It appeared to me a good omen, that, just as we came in sight of our native country, the sun shone to meet us so gloriously clear.

We took our breakfast upon deck in a most cheerful humour, and thus, amidst merry conversation, we came to the entrance of the famous Bocche di Cattaro. Through a rather narrow canal we passed the first sea strait. The impression is quite like that of a peaceful inland lake. One forgets the great ocean behind, and revels with joy at the sight of the new lovely landscape. Here are no longer the bare rocks and yellow plains of Hellas; but merry fresh life and sober happy civilization. We saw no more the wild unpopulated places; houses rise from the luxuriant woods, from whose good condition it is easy to perceive that they are under the Austrian sceptre. And

yet the uncivilized condition of Greece has its peculiar charms. The bright landscape beneath the Southern sky, and the bare rosy-tinted mountains by the blue foaming sea of Lepanto,—what a contrast! Towards the interior of the country rise rocky hills, in extremely picturesque outlines, which, although they are barren in the upper regions, yet bear the stamp of the Northern strata. Towards the sea the mountain-range is of a low round form, not very beautiful. It is mostly overgrown with myrtles. On the shores are fresh green vineyards, with a few villas in the Italian style.

Two points, in particular, rivet the attention—the prettily-situated little town of Castelnuovo, with its square forts; and the Greek convent Sabina, built in the Byzantine style, a spot lit up amongst the luxuriant verdure. Our ship anchored by the hospital of Castelnuovo, which stands about half-an-hour's distance from the town and close beneath the convent on the sea-shore.

After we had dressed we landed, and trod again

with joy, after so many adventures, the dear firm earth of Austria.

Our first point was the convent, which had already excited our curiosity on the ship. How agreeably were we surprised to find the German oak (*Quercus Germanica*), side by side with the luxuriant laurel beneath whose shade we refreshed ourselves! Meadows, too, we saw—fresh green meadows, after so long a time;—what delight! Upon these meadows grew great orange-trees, entwined by the Northern ivy. It was a quiet, lovely little spot, lying immediately before the convent gate, the most charming blending of the beauty of the North with the fire of the South.

The hot rays of the sun were subdued by the leafy shade of the oak into an agreeable light. Here and there the deep blue sky passed through the branches upon a soft velvet carpet of moss. A proud cypress raised its head in the pure ether, and by its side, near an old wall, swayed an orange-tree covered with fruit. Its branches served as

supports to the vine, whilst near them the glowing pomegranates playfully bent down their tender pliant stems. At the foot of the slight declivity a fine prospect was before us of the quiet glassy sea. We stepped through a stone archway into a terrace-formed court. A great and a little church, as well as the convent, stood on this place.

Through the intercession of our amiable captain, they allowed us to enter the churches. The two old Greek monks, living in the lowest, led us over them. One of these, an elderly man with a long grey beard, spoke broken Italian, so that we were able to understand him tolerably well.

In the interior of the house of God, in accordance with Greek customs, a rich gilded wooden screen, with typical pictures, is placed in front of the altar. All the heads of Christ and the Madonna have the long and not very attractive Oriental features. Particularly, we find represented there St. George in armour, and many other saints. A few of these pictures are not without artistic value.

From the ceiling hung rich silver lamps, ostrich eggs, and round decorations of wool, gold, and coloured ribbons. When I asked the monk, in astonishment, what was their meaning, he answered that each shipmaster, on launching a new ship, hangs one of these tasteless ornaments in the church.

In the little chapel, which was the first built in this place, were to be found very beautiful pious gifts, amongst which we particularly remarked a fine carved cross, and several pictures set with jewels. The interior of the convent, which consists of only a few rooms, is small, and built in a poor style. In the refectory hang a few bad oil paintings of crowned Russian heads.

We took farewell of the dear old man who had led us over the sacred spot, and set off on our way, through the oak hedge, to Castelnuovo. Meanwhile we were attracted by a little chapel on a height overgrown with aloes.

Here we had a most extensive view. At our feet lay the sea; the hills, covered with myrtle,

gleamed like silver against the blue horizon, and through these, intercepted by high crags, the infinite ocean was visible. On one side we saw the ivy-covered walls of Castelnuovo. Not far from these, on the opposite side, are the Turkish domains, and the remaining Bocche, on whose shore lay scattered the most charming villas. All this is vaulted over by the glorious blue sky, and illuminated by the mighty sun. On turning round, the prospect was as grand, but more gloomy; groups of grey rocks, appearing to touch the sky, seemed cut out distinctly in the black stormy air. Only a few houses hung on the stony wall, surrounded by dark cypresses. The whole was spectre-like, yet it attracted the eyes with a mysterious power. These mountain walls, rising to the clouds, shut out the lovely shore of the Bocche. The prospect was elevating; on one side, bewitching with its Southern charms; on the other, causing compassion by its proud desolation; so that I said to my fellow-travellers, "This place fascinates me;

I should like to build a villa here in the Venetian style, from each of whose windows, balconies, and terraces we might enjoy a rich view." This proposal was unanimously hailed with enthusiasm.

In travelling one finds so many spots where one cries out, in glowing admiration, "Here let us build tabernacles." And we should have a great deal to do if we were always to carry out these secret wishes.

The principal charm of this neighbourhood is formed by the happy union of the varied phenomena of nature—great seas, quiet lakes, the mixture of Northern and Southern vegetation, the palm and the oak, the sloping mountain and the rugged rocks.

Through vineyards and thickets, now ascending, now descending, we came at last to the fort Spaniol, which crowns Castelnuovo. In its vicinity we saw a neglected, roofless house, the walls of which were overgrown with ivy, so that the house was like the French hedges of clipped trees.

Close by it, on the road, sat an old woman, of a witch-like appearance. She begged for alms. When we looked at her closer we found that her whole face was painted with small crosses; she assured us the priest had marked her in this way. Perhaps it was to protect this poor woman from the superstition of the people, who are still very backward on this point in Dalmatia; possibly the old woman is the bad spirit who haunts the ruined ivy-covered building.

The sun shone with a glowing, oppressive heat upon the castle; the sight, however, of Austrian soldiers, so long denied, rejoiced us. The white coats look well everywhere, in the depths of the South as in the heights of the North. We saw the different parts of the fortress which were built under Charles V., after the Emperor had taken the little town of Castelnuovo from the Venetians. The towers in the four corners are strongly fortified; in one of these exists a very well-built cistern. Over the entrance gate is a beautifully-carved

Turkish inscription, put there by the Mahometans when they wrested the fortress from the Spaniards.

At the entrance of the town is an open space, which tradition says was destined as the place of meeting for the duel-battle between the Spaniards and the Mussulmen. The town is poor and small, with narrow, steep little streets at the end of it; however, towards the sea is a strong fortress, built of freestone; we visited this also. From all these points we enjoyed the most beautiful prospects. The inner town is surrounded by a high wall, through which leads a very steep entrance door; over this shelving, badly-paved doorway a boy on horseback is said to have leapt at full gallop. It is scarcely to be believed; but, although the Turk is awkward when on foot, he is skilful and daring when on the wild horses of the desert. Travellers are also shown a red-painted place on the town wall on which the Moslems exhibited the bleeding heads of the Christians to the shuddering people.

We left the town almost melting with heat, and

returned through the cooling thickets, and lower way, by the walls of the convent, which had become so dear to us, back to the hospital. It looked lovely now in the still peaceful evening; the earth, the sea, the air rested from their creative life of the day, and so did we.

We returned back to our ship, and refreshed our tired bodies with dinner, served on deck. After dinner we entered into a political discussion, which kept some of our company awake until eleven o'clock at night.

The following day, very early, our steamer was again set in motion, in order that we might visit the remaining parts of the Bocche. Scarcely had we lost sight of the bay, in which stand the convent and the hospital, than a new lake, formed by the sea, spread itself before us. It was less beautiful, but perhaps more charming and pleasant, than the others. The mountains which surround it are more softly moulded, and more luxuriant in vegetation and cultivation. Fruitful olive-woods and

rich vineyards, varied by bright fields, cover the soft rising shore. This part has more the qualities of a rural landscape, and contrasts with the Bocche, where the sea is narrowed into a canal, encircled with rocks. The mild air becomes cold and intense; one fancies one has strayed into a rocky labyrinth without an outlet. Suddenly the steep shore widens, and we find ourselves in a still melancholy water, which resembles a distant mountain lake. The bare rough rocks are reflected in the deep blue floods.

Opposite the entrance is a pretty village. The eye lingers with pleasure on this cheerful spot; perched upon the stone wall, it is like an elegant little nest in a solemn churchyard. Two little islands, containing churches, rest on the blue mirror. The Sunday peal of the bells greeted us with Christian solemnity, and, as we also wished to hear Mass, we stopped the steamer, seated ourselves in a boat, and steered for this place, called Perasto.

This town was built by the Venetians, and re-

minds one, in miniature, of the capital of the merchant people. The seats of the nobility, elegantly-built palaces, with balconies and Moorish arched windows, are varied in a lovely confusion by a great number of beautiful churches, between which rise a few slender cypresses.

When we landed we found a rather large crowd of people assembled on the quay. Some amongst them were remarkable for their peculiar costumes. The dresses of Dalmatia, as everywhere else in the South, are very various and original. When we inquired about Mass, we were told there would be one later. We employed the interval in making a visit to the island, which is celebrated for its church to the Madonna.

The whole of the small island is like a beautiful terrace, upon which stands a church, adorned with cupolas, after the Byzantine style. According to the legend, a fisherman found the picture of the Madonna upon a little rock just below the terrace. After this picture had worked several miracles, it was re-

solved to build a church upon the rock. There being, however, but little space, the pious citizens of Perasto continued to throw stones into the sea, until there arose the little island on which the church is now built.

The interior is very prettily ornamented with marble altars. But, in order that the floods may not again swallow up that which was collected with so much trouble and care, every shipowner must lade his vessel with a cargo of stones, and throw them out by the island into the waters.

When we returned to Perasto they told us that we were too late for Mass. We again got into the steamer and went to Cattaro. From this rocky melancholy Bocche, we came to another, on the shores of which a steep rock wall runs, up to Cattaro, whilst on the other the most charming landscape is offered to the eyes. To which of these Bocche to give the preference is difficult to decide. The latter, however, is indisputably the most lively, for house after house stands on the declivity, surrounded

by gardens, amidst which palms and cypresses are varied by pomegranates and orange-trees.

The houses, embedded in the freshest green, all give signs of wealth. They belong chiefly to rich ship captains, whose wives chatter at home over their distaffs, whilst their husbands struggle with the waves in the American waters. Near many of the buildings we saw ships lying in docks suited to the size of the vessel, which are placed there as an emblem of the happy return of the absent.

Quite at the end of this long beautiful Bocche lies the little town of Cattaro, leaning against a wall of rock, upon which giddy height is the fort. Close by this lies a very good road to Montenegro, made by the Austrian government, and intended to facilitate the intercourse. The inhabitants of Montenegro, however, leave it unused; they prefer climbing down the steep rocks.

As Cattaro is a fortress, on arriving one sees but little of the town, which is built on a very

narrow place. We were almost inclined to take it for the end of the world, it was so surrounded with masses of rocks. We caused our vessel to be stopped for some hours. In the roadstead were numbers of ships, among others the steamer 'Castalone,' a man-of-war. When we had landed we ran through the town, which had nothing remarkable about it, with the exception of a pretty, half-Gothic, half Byzantine cathedral porch, and a few houses built in the Venetian style.

Towards four o'clock we returned by the same way we had come, in the beautiful evening light, which is softer, and shows the outlines of objects more distinctly. The various scenes had still a Southern aspect, if not the strength and warmth of Greece. We now approached nearer the rocky shore on which we had turned our backs in the morning, and saw that it exhibited many charms of nature, and, in several places, was studded with the most homely little villages. In the evening we again anchored in the bay of the Lazaret.

The feeling which had been raised in us by the sight of the Bocche was astonishment that at home they did not know more about this enchanting neighbourhood. Everybody rushes to Nice, to Florence, and other half-Southern regions, never dreaming that in their own native country they have something so much more beautiful, and which unites all the charms of vegetation with the most glorious climate. The Venetian palaces stand empty; they only require to be bought for eight hundred or a thousand piastres, and then be inhabited, in order to offer to the possessors the most exquisite views, and the most spacious, splendid rooms. But no! they rush to a distance, let their money go amongst strange people, and are contented with a bad lodging, in order to be with strangers; feel happy because they are in the fashion, and sigh over the uninteresting, dull Fatherland!

Certainly civilization in these southern parts of Austria is not very much advanced; but if a rich

man, accustomed to comforts, makes up his mind to settle in these parts he will find a good foundation; and, if he is wise, he will be too happy to take up his abode in a paradise, where the palm and the oak, peace and strength grow together like brethren.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAGUSA.

EARLY in the morning, whilst we were still slumbering comfortably, our steamer entered the haven of Gravosa, the principal harbour of the town of Ragusa. When we mounted on deck we saw that we were surrounded by the most lovely coasts. Soft verdant chains of mountains wound round the deep blue flood. On the seashore rose villas built in the Venetian style, and surrounded by cypresses, with other plants of Southern growth. The country could not be justly called magnificent or imposing, but it is simply charming. The view of the town of Ragusa is shut out by the heights of Bella

Vista; we were therefore obliged to be satisfied with that of the immediate neighbourhood, which, however, fully recompenses an admirer of nature such as I am. The splendid morning was bright, mild, and enjoyable.

It was not till the middle of the day that we visited the town. Much as I looked forward to seeing this historically interesting place, I was not loth to spend this lovely morning on deck in the balmy fresh air, and in sight of such beautiful scenery. Although it is my practice, when travelling, to make the most of every opportunity for looking about me and gathering knowledge, I do not object sometimes to pass a few hours reviewing former pleasant impressions. The traveller who wishes to derive profit from his travels must have the power of "fighting his battles o'er again," and of noting them down in his diary. It is only by these means that what you have seen will remain indelibly imprinted on your mind for life. Long afterwards, seated by your "ain fireside," past

adventures blossom afresh in recollection. This is what I did this lovely morning, and set to work diligently at my diary.

Unfortunately, my brother was obliged to spend this beautiful day in bed, having caught cold the evening we visited Castelnuovo, in the Bocche di Cattaro. Dr. F. remained for the first part of the morning with him; later on, however, in the day he wandered with C. over Bella Vista into the town. Prince J. and Baron K. had been there since the morning, purchasing some of the weapons peculiar to the country, and buying some Dalmatian wine, of a very poor description, to supply the ship, we having run short of that necessary article. Count C. and I remained alone with my brother; the attentive Dr. F., however, had scarcely seen the town than he returned, and released us from our attendance on the invalid.

We now rowed in a little boat to land, got into a vehicle (the only one of its kind to be had in Ragusa), and proceeded by the high-road we men-

tioned before as being so well-made, yet almost useless, to the summit of Bella Vista. This point richly deserves its euphonious name, as from thence the sea is presented three times over to the enchanted gaze. The rocks descend from the mountain perpendicularly into the sea, which, roaring and foaming, dashes against the rugged dark masses. Hundreds of aloes covering the sides increase the Southern effect.

To the right is to be seen the beautiful harbour of Gravosa. An Arcadian scene! To the left appear the cupolas of the town, which is built on a small space at the foot of a hill. Villa upon villa meets the eye, surrounded by cheerful gardens filled with palms, laurels, pomegranates, sensitive-plants, and other Southern vegetation. At the extreme end of the town a high rock projects into the sea, on which lies the fort of San Pietro. The barren summit of the elevation is crowned by the Fort Napoleon or Fort Imperial.

This charming view, lit up by the lovely weather,

reminded me forcibly of descriptions and drawings of Sicily. It is very different from the Grecian landscapes. Hellas gives an impression of melancholy yearning solemnity, whilst here is set the stamp of grand yet charming Italy.

We left our carriage and returned on foot to the town. The road, surrounded by villas, slopes gradually down to the strong Venetian town-wall. It was pointed out to us that for some way the country-houses were empty and uninhabited. The reason was as follows:—In the year 1805 they were plundered by Russians and citizens of Montenegro. Then the French defended themselves in the interior of the town. The country now is poor; the power of the nobles is broken, and they are unable to sell their possessions on account of the entails. Thus the bare walls have been left to a certain decay.

We reached two stone gates close to each other, and from thence entered the inner town by a street paved with white flagstones. We might have

imagined ourselves transported to Venice. Near the entrance was a convent of the Franciscans, built in the Byzantine-Gothic style. After this follows a row of palaces, belonging to the ancient nobility.

Ragusa was, on a small scale, a republic, like Venice, governed by nobles, at whose head was a Doge, elected afresh every month by the senators. During the short period of his dignity he was not allowed to leave his beautifully-arranged palace. Only on certain festivities he showed one of his feet outside the door. This liberty was almost like a prison for the presidents of the senators; nevertheless they quarrel for the honour of it.

In order that no one noble should be more powerful than the rest, it was necessary that his possessions should be scattered over different portions of the Ragusan republic.

In the flourishing epoch of the French government these aristocratic institutions were erased.

This once independent town, with the remainder of the Venetian lands, became subject to the crown of Austria. Only the name of the nobility is preserved by their sons, who gain a scanty sustenance in the magnificent structure of their forefathers. The glory is vanished, but the hatred of certain parties in the republic exists still amidst their powerful descendants. As all domestic quarrels are laid aside at the approach of a foreign invading power, so it was in Ragusa in the year 1848, a certain party allied themselves with the Venetians; although, hitherto, the town had been at enmity with them.

From the streets, rich in palaces, small dark alleys lead over the rest of the town, and even here rise occasional beautiful palaces. The broad street, through the centre, ends in the picturesque place of Moneta. From the excellent state of the pavement, it is easy to perceive that carriages seldom drive that way. Here also the eye is never weary of admiring the beautiful architecture. The

most remarkable of all the buildings is the Exchange, with its graceful Venetian bow-windows, the guard-house, and next to it the beautiful stone fountain, in whose exquisitely worked basin, light jets throw out the clearest and best water. As far as regards architecture, there is the beautiful though not large church consecrated to St. Blasius, the patron saint of Ragusa. We entered the interior of this latter, in which I was most struck with the situation of the organ, as it is immediately behind the high-altar, looking as if it hung from the wall.

We then betook ourselves to the Piazza del Duomo, upon which stands the palace of the Doge—a miniature imitation of that of Venice—and the cathedral. This latter is built of a white stone, in the Roman style. It contained a small chapel, overflowing with gold ornaments.

In the centre of the church we saw an immense quantity of relics, very remarkable from their antiquity and tasteful setting. Amongst these was

something of a rather unpleasant nature, *i.e.* the whole body of a saint modelled in wax, and painted to show where he had received his death-wounds. The priest appeared to venerate this relic particularly. They showed us this collection with great pride, and not without just reason, for I have seldom seen so large a number of relics in one place.

Two other of the many remarkable objects struck me greatly. They were a gold ewer and basin. Inside these we could see the symbols of the ocean exquisitely worked in dark metal. They consisted in fish, lizards, cray-fish, salamanders, and such-like reptiles. A priest expressed his regret to me that the machinery of this piece had been spoiled, as formerly, when you washed yourself, at the very moment the water touched the bottom of the basin, the little reptiles moved round in a circle, impelled by the pressure of the water.

In the time when pigtails were worn, the clergy

were fond of these quaint treasures of art, and objects of this kind are still to be found in many convents.

From the church we went to the palace of the Doge. On the ground-floor we saw a wide bright gallery, supported by columns, with Moorish arches. One of these pillars comes from the Temple of Æsculapius of Essidorus, now called Ragusa Vecchia. The capital is decorated with typical "haut-reliefs," representing the art of the demi-god. The palace had once a second story, which was, however, destroyed by the fearful earthquake in 1760.

From the inner court a beautiful Arcadian staircase leads into the first floor. At the foot of this stands a wooden bust, lightly coated with zinc; it represents a citizen of the republic, to which he had left a large sum of money. Every state is most grateful for a patriotic deed of this description.

The magnificence of the inner rooms of the

palace has entirely disappeared, and, instead of a Doge, a captain of the Guards is installed, with whom we met the rest of our fellow-travellers. This captain then led us up a terrace belonging to the place, from whence we had a beautiful view of some of the palaces, the sea, and the little harbour of the town.

When we left the ducal palace, on our way from the town, we passed the beautiful Dominican convent, now lying in ruins. They also wished to show us the Turkish lazaret and the bazaar, situated near the sea. This latter is quite a contrast to that of Smyrna, being a desolate-looking empty space, in which the Turks transact their business with the citizens of Ragusa three times a week. To my great joy I saw a few Mahometans in their magnificent attire, which reminded me of my beloved Smyrna.

Returning to the town we passed through a few more streets of palaces, and concluded our short stay in Ragusa with a visit to the Franciscan con-

vent, which is situated near the town wall. The most interesting objects in the convent were the cloisters, built in the richest style, and running round the outer circle of the walls. On the top of these, and supported by beautiful Byzantine columns, rests a wide terrace, with a fine carved stone balustrade. This terrace serves as a walk for the monks. In the centre of the court rises a magnificent orange-tree. The amiable Prior showed us all over the convent. Amongst other objects, the newly-built library is of some consideration. At the gate we again found our splendid vehicle, and returned with the captain to Gravosa over Bella Vista.

Ragusa, with its numerous historical recollections, had made a great impression upon me. The beautiful situation, the mild climate, and the various objects of art delight the eye of a connoisseur. The captain accompanied us to the vessel, as he intended to show us the celebrated plantain-trees of Canossa after dinner, and also, on the

following morning, to go with us to Curzola and Sabioncella.

We should have started immediately, as the steam was already up, had not our good K. lost himself so completely in the library of the town, that he did not return till late, accompanied by a Franciscan and a priest, between whom he looked as if he were in penance. He was so entirely engrossed by his scientific conversation, that he never took heed of the boat we had sent for him. At last, when he was on board we left Gravosa, and steered between the islands of Callamota, Mezzo, and Giupana, to Canossa, which place we reached after sunset.

The captain told us that in the island of Mezzo, a mantle is shown to this day which once belonged to Charles V. A man in high office had an audience with the Emperor, who, being in haste, received him in this identical mantle. In the course of the interview, he permitted the suitor to beg for a favour. As in those days the imperial person was held in high honour, the official asked

the Emperor to present him with the white silken cloak which hung over his shoulders.

The next island is that of St. Andrew. It is bleak and barren. The only inhabitants were a few monks in a little convent. The island is, however, celebrated through a touching event which took place there.

A young monk of high rank, living in this monastery, was greatly beloved by a peasant girl residing on the mainland of Val di Noce. Every night the maiden swam across the broad strait to a certain point, which the young monk lit up for her by means of a lamp. The brothers of the maiden became acquainted with these meetings, and one evening when their sister was going to visit her lover, they went on before in a boat. As soon as they heard the noise made by the swimmer in cleaving the waters, they lit a light. The maiden followed the light, making for it with anxious haste. The unmerciful brothers went on farther and farther, the sister ever following the delusive rays,

till at last, exhausted to death, she sank beneath the floods. When the beams of the setting sun are visible, and you see the melancholy neighbourhood and the soft blue sea around you, the remembrance of this story fills you with sadness.

Canossa is the country residence of a noble of Ragusa. We climbed over a very steep rocky path to the entrance of the garden. Here, again, Southern abundance reigned in its fullest extent. Thick avenues of laurel and box crossed through woods of dark green olive-trees. Long terraces, built upon the rocky cliffs, stretched towards the sea, and the beautiful creeping vine wove its branches everywhere. Nature looked even more blooming in the dim twilight.

Wandering, in silent admiration, through the thickets, we all suddenly stopped, mute with surprise. Before us stood the largest oak we had ever beheld. The symmetrical trunk of this gigantic tree appeared almost to touch the heavens. The lower part of the stem was devoid of branches;

after a considerable height these began to shoot forth to such a vast extent that they formed a kind of roof for the surrounding trees. It is said that this oak is only 150 years old. Its rich green foliage will therefore be the joy of generations yet unborn, that is, if we may believe the saying relative to an oak, which asserts that it takes 100 years to grow, 100 to flourish, and 100 to decay. This mighty tree of Canossa is therefore still in its youthful prime, able to resist the storms of many winters. Would that in Germany we had its equals!

We now turned our attention to a stone basin, decorated with a statue of Neptune. This fountain, which once enchanted the rich noble who owned the place, exists no longer for his poverty-stricken descendants. The stonework of former greatness now falls in ruins. But this very decay increased the picturesque melancholy of the spot. Plants of all kinds grew between the chinks of the walls, and a chain of evergreen ivy interlaced itself amongst the crumbling stones, and wound itself

round the withered limbs of the sovereign water-god. The pleasure nature takes in excelling art seemed shown by the wild yet charming disorder around this fountain. Perhaps, in the still evening the leaves of the pomegranate and myrtle whispered to each other the tales of bygone splendours, when the senators still reigned supreme over the land.

Not far from this poetic spot, grow the celebrated wonders of the country—the plantains of Canossa. They are the two most gigantic trees in Europe. Their huge and shadowy branches form a species of canopy, beneath which a whole Austrian regiment is said to have once encamped. Considering their enormous height they are still very young, for they also are not more than 150 years old. The circumference of the older one is twenty-seven, and of the younger thirty feet. Each of the principal branches is as thick as an ordinary good-sized tree. Two branches have grown together. The bark of the trunk is fresh and smooth, and we could not find a trace of old age. The plaintain is always

a beautiful tree; it looked magnificent now in its gigantic dimensions.

When we left the garden to return to our ship, it was already night; the bright blue heavens had become suddenly overcast by black clouds. During the night we steered for the island of Curzola; and when we awoke in the morning we found ourselves before the little town which takes its name from the island. The weather was dark and rainy, and not calculated to show any country to advantage, much less the barren suburbs of a town.

After breakfast we rowed to land. Here, also, we found everything built after the Venetian manner,—pretty little balconies, Moorish arches, with elegant decorations, lending an irresistible charm to the house of the middle-class citizen. Our forefathers understood this art. The poorest man would make the exterior of his house picturesque, and the interior comfortable; whereas, with the present style of architecture, even palaces are cold, stiff, and uninhabitable. The eye of beauty loves

to rest on winding galleries and curved arches, and abhors straight lines and blank walls. I greatly prefer the old German house, with its gables and its turrets; or the Venetian palace, with its arches and balconies, to the whitewashed, barrack-looking buildings of the nineteenth century, reminding one forcibly of dolls'-houses. Poetry is no more—quenched in these days of speculation and domestic cares.

The Cathedral of Curzola is interesting to look at. When we entered, a patriotic musician was playing the Radetzky march as a welcome for us. It sounded peculiar on the organ within these sacred walls; but I liked this last song of the late Strauss here as everywhere. The interior of the church was gloomy, but venerable. In a side chapel, hidden behind columns, we were shown a fine Titian. We admired the powerful colouring and grand composition of this great artist.

As we passed through the narrow, gloomy streets we noticed, on a door of a ruined palace, a mag-

nificent knocker of Corinthian metal, representing Neptune with his sea-horses. The workmanship was exquisitely fine, and struck us connoisseurs so much that we made use of the instrument, in order to find out if any one inhabited this desolate abode, and, if so, to entice them forth, and induce them to listen to our offers of purchase.

No obliging spirit appeared at the first rap of the knocker, which gave a musical sound. It was not till we began to knock louder that we saw the old door slowly open, and a good-natured-looking old witch, accompanied by a blind man, appeared in the entrance. They seemed immensely surprised at our intrusion, for it was probably a long time since this old gentleman and his housekeeper had received any visitors. We praised the Neptune, which seemed to charm them; when, however, we came to ask about the price the old gentleman turned a deaf ear. He assured us that an Englishman had offered him as much silver as the knocker would weigh. This somewhat alarmed

us; we therefore took leave hastily, and left the town.

When we reached the docks we found them filled with a great number of excellent ships; it is these which give the town its importance. The materials are brought from Herzegovina, and from the valley of the Naventa. The wealth of the Dalmatians is always afloat, and they wage constant war with the restless element. The soil of the country being so unfruitful and rocky, necessity compels them to seek their fortunes by water.

We now returned to our ship, and steered for the peninsula Sabioncella. The sea had become rougher; the greater part of our company therefore felt no inclination to descend into the little rocking boat, and go to visit the coast. Count C., Professor G., and I alone dared the tossing waves, and rowed to land amidst a pelting shower of rain.

Sabioncella had been mentioned to us on account of the remarkable dresses of its women. The

place itself really consists in nothing beyond a single line of houses scattered along the sea-shore, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens overshadowed by plane-trees. The houses belong to rich ship-owners, who, after travelling about the greater part of their youth, settle down in old age by their own firesides, laden with treasures and experiences.

We entered the Podesta's house. He, also, had formerly been a sea-captain, and his two brothers were even now in America. The object of our visit was to see one of the dresses worn by the women of this peninsula for many centuries. We were offered seats in a very clean and respectable parlour, which reminded me strongly of Marryat's novels. The walls were hung with prints in simple frames, maps and charts, which added to its pretty bright appearance. The furniture was of a light wood and cane, probably it had belonged formerly to the cabin of some vessel.

The floor was scoured as clean as the deck of a man-of-war, and a glass door opening into a balcony

gave a view of the sea. How often the wife must have looked out here for the return of her sailor-husband! Even now, it is the old captain's greatest amusement to watch the course of the going and coming vessels through his telescope.

We had not to wait long before the Podesta's pretty daughter made her appearance, dressed in the peculiar costume. On her head she wore a man's hat, made of straw, from whose narrow brim hung a broad many-coloured ribbon, arranged in such a manner that it almost covered the whole hat. On one side of this were placed five or six large ostrich feathers, whilst cherry-coloured ribbons hung down by her ears, and were caught up in graceful loops. Two jet-black curls formed a beautiful contrast to the dazzlingly white skin of the delicate face. Golden needles were stuck about her rich dress, after the fashion of the Roman ladies, and various chains of the same metal were twined round her white neck. She had on a brown jacket, and a small kerchief of the most brilliant

colours. Her bodice was also made of many colours, and was ornamented with gold chains and coins. Her skirt was of red, yellow, and blue stripes. The little feet were clad in very pretty, neat tied shoes, with ribbon rosettes. The *tout ensemble* was a mixture of the most brilliant colouring. Had it not been for the quaint hut, the costume would have been called beautiful. The style of dress is just the same for widows, only all in black.

Count C., wishing to be very polite, tried to speak to the pretty modest girl; but, unfortunately, she understood none of our languages. Amidst the rain, we returned to our floating-palaces, and teased those of our companions who had cowardly stayed behind with the description of the beautiful vision we had beheld at the house of the Podesta.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOURTH OF OCTOBER, ON THE OPEN SEA.

EIGHT o'clock was the hour fixed for our departure from the harbour of Zara. It was the *fête* day of our beloved Sovereign. On the previous day we had received an invitation to a state dinner at the Vice-Governor's. During the course of the entertainment, the Governor gave a toast to the Emperor, which was received amidst the sound of music and the thunder of cannon.

Early this morning our amiable host, with other generals of the town, came on board the 'Vulcan' to take leave of us. We thanked him most sincerely for the great kindness he had shown us during our

two days' residence in Zara, he having endeavoured to the best of his ability to entertain us, and to make the remembrance of this little place agreeable to us. On the first day he had given us a *soirée* and theatricals. On the second he had conducted us, himself, all over the town, showing us what was worth seeing. After the last dinner that he gave us, he took us to a walk in the interesting surburbs of Zara. Yesterday evening he entertained us, by having a band in the illuminated park. He possessed the faculty of conjuring up these little *fêtes* as by magic, which rendered our stay in Zara very pleasant.

The sights in this little town are not numerous, although, like all places subject to Venice, it possesses some interesting churches and fortresses. The most remarkable amidst the erections of modern times is a bomb-proof barrack, which is distinguished by its beautiful and suitable architecture. There are also some cisterns within the walls of the fortress, which go by the name of the "cinque

pazzi." All the waters of the town join here, and are filtered through sand, after which they become fit for use. This idea, although it does not sound inviting, is extremely clever.

Through the "Porta della Terra Ferma," which is built in a wonderfully elegant Venetian style of blackish-yellow stone, we came into the open country, which, near the town, is very flat and uninteresting, and fully answers to its name. The sea, however, which adds a peculiar charm to every region, the innumerable islands, the large mountain-range separating Dalmatia from the Austrian military frontiers,—all this gives the landscape a beautiful melancholy stamp, which becomes even more marked towards evening. Then the houses and the barren plains are tinged with a purple hue by the setting sun, giving them a sad sombre colouring, which appeals to the soul; so, at least, it did to mine, filling me with a sweet melancholy.

The vegetation is poor, and the want of wood-

land reminds one of the Venetian dominions. Unfortunately the growth of a new plantation lessens the number of the goats, which, with donkeys, are the principal cattle of the country. Through the want of vegetation, the sun scorches up everything; and even the little stream-sources are all dried up.

In this respect, as in many others, there is a strong resemblance between Dalmatia and Greece. Both are to be pitied on this account; and the removal of these difficulties could only be effected by very strong measures, of which the nation would not feel the benefit till after the lapse of several years. But the egotism of the world is too great. Everything is done for the present moment alone; and such measures would be very difficult for Government unless they were supported by the people. The obstinate resolution of a woman, like England's Elizabeth, would be necessary for such a purpose. She, we are told, caused all ugly and faulty horses to be killed, in order to improve the

breed. The plan was successful, but its benefits were only reaped in the third generation.

As it struck eight o'clock, and the wheels of our steamer began to revolve, the courteous generals on shore gave us three cheers. Then, amidst the thunder of cannon and the sound of the national hymn, which announced to the people that it was the *fête* of the Emperor, we left the town of Zara at full speed. It was an imposing sight, and our feeling of national pride rose strong within us. It seemed a grand idea that such a day is celebrated from the coldest point of Gallicia to the lowest depths of Dalmatia.

Unfortunately, the morning was rather gloomy; the sea, however, was extremely calm, to the great joy of the bad sailors. We spent the forenoon partly on deck and partly in the cabin, to which we were reduced by an unpleasant rain, which quite swamped the deck. We wrote our journals, discussed politics,—this latter occupation generally originated from Count C.,—and so spent a few

merry hours very agreeably. When, after a time, in spite of the weather, we went on deck, we witnessed a spectacle which caused general regret.

We were sailing some distance from land, when suddenly a poor little robin redbreast passed terror-stricken over our heads. It sought anxiously for a resting-place for its weary wings, yet scarcely had it perched on one of the shrouds than it again darted away, alarmed by the unusual objects. To return to the mainland was impossible, it had ventured too far over the treacherous flood. Several times we quite lost sight of it, and then again it reappeared, almost dropping with fatigue. At last it disappeared entirely, and in all probability perished in the waves. It reminded me so forcibly of the Introduction to Lenau's 'Faust;' the great poet describes this picture with so much deep feeling and sadness. We would willingly have saved the poor little animal, but it was impossible to get at it.

Towards dinner-time the weather fortunately

cleared up, and we were able to celebrate this auspicious day to the best of our abilities. We caused the dinner to be served on the newly-decorated deck, and we sat down to it in full uniform. The captain commanded the great cannon to be loaded, so that the report should thunder across the Austrian sea at the very moment the toast was proposed. The last bottles of good wine were brought up from the cellar, we having been somewhat free with this part of our provisions. To-day, however, everything was to be of the best, because not only was it the *fête* of our Emperor, but it was also one of the last of our delightful journey, which we had owed to the kindness of that monarch.

We had invited all the officers of the vessel to dinner, and at five o'clock we assembled. The heavy clouds with which, in the morning, the sky had been overcast, had dispersed over Austria's beautiful horizon. Everybody was in the merriest and most joyful humour. Even my brother—just

recovered, thank God, from a violent fever—and the poor captain, who had also been unwell for some days past, made their appearance. Nobody wished to be absent on this day.

In the middle of dinner we all stood up, the sailors mounted the rigging, and I, then, from the very depths of my heart, proposed the Emperor's health. Cheers followed from all sides of the vessel, the cannon roared, and, at the same moment, the fog, which had hitherto obscured the horizon, vanished, and the sun shone forth, gloriously reflected in the pure glassy sea. Heaven and earth gleamed in splendour; the water, the air, and the last rays of the setting sun glittering on our crystal glasses, all united to celebrate this day.

Toast after toast now followed, not unmixed with a feeling of sadness, as we thought that we were gathered together for the last time around the festal board of the dear 'Vulcan.' At each fresh cheer an echoing answer came from the sailors in the rigging, till their turn also arrived, and they

too were regaled with wine. The generous wine did not fail to produce a lively effect. From the highest to the lowest, all were of good cheer, as it became them to be on such a day.

Although we came from more southerly regions, and were therefore more susceptible to the cold, we remained on deck till quite late in the evening. Even when it had become totally dark, the sound of the national hymn was still heard in Italian from the merry and grateful sailors. After a few more songs we all went to bed for the last night we should spend together on the 'Vulcan.' How glad I was to think that this, our last evening, had been spent so happily and pleasantly!

THE END.

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